

36 Pages

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XVI.—No. 11.
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1896.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1896.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896.

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The experience of failure is one that comes in a greater or less degree to every one at times, trying the metal and probing the character as no prosperity can do.—VICTOR HUGO.

Why not settle the monetary and financial tangle by means of a monetary commission of expert financiers?

These temporary expedients of bonds and tariffs, to relieve the Treasury, do not touch the root of the evil. This is admitted. From time to time during the last three years the fact has been pointed out in these columns, that the science of finance is an intricate and an entangling study, beyond the grasp of even the average Congressman. Gold, silver, and an international legal tender have been discussed here on their merits, without fear and without favor or prejudice to any political party. The reader has been asked to conclude that this whole question of practical finance is wrapped up in other questions—such as the balance of trade; the commercial pre-eminence of England; the widely different banking systems of the two wealthy nations, England and France, as compared with the banking system of this country; the Funds or Consols, Government bonds, which those two nations need not pay, while our national debt has been paid and refunded at great expense for thirty years.

With these and other questions wrapped up in the main question of the standards, gold reserve and banking, it is clear that the problem is to be solved, if at all, by a commission of experts who have practical knowledge of the actual workings of practicable schemes, whereby confidence is maintained and credit extended, not only in the commerce of a country but in the stability and rigidity of its units of value, and in the legal necessity of full-value coinage for balance-settlements. From time to time expert suggestions have been given out, that bear the stamp of authority and knowledge of the subject matter; and the country is indebted to the *Forum* and *North American Review* for the bulk of these valuable contributions. These two impartial vehicles of public discussion have really had more weight and thrown more light on the financial and monetary question than any discussion in Congress so far; and this fact only serves to emphasize the necessity for a commission to decide it finally and for all time.

Adolf Ladenburg in the January *Forum* has a suggestion for a National Clearing House Bank, also for a Clearing House Bank in every city or small district. Each local Clearing House Bank is to do business only with the banks that belong to it. In the course of time, all the local Clearing House Banks would form themselves into a National Clearing House Bank. The directors of these local Clearing House Banks are to be elected in such a way that only a few would be changed every year. It is pointed out that the issue of Clearing House certificates in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Boston not long ago restored confidence and tided the country over what threatened to be a panic. Under the system proposed by Mr. Ladenburg a local bank could extend credits by calling on the funds held in the Clearing House Bank of which it was a member; and when the system is extended so as to include a complete circuit with the National Clearing House Bank as a centre, every good bank in the Union would have a chance to accommodate its patrons in times of stringency. Any lay mind can see at once the merits of this scheme, even from the bare outline here presented.

It is such work as this of Mr. Ladenburg's that a commission of experts would do. Why not give them a chance?

Good nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue and without the allurements or terrors of religion.—BALZAC.

Mr. Lodge in his great speech in the United States Senate the other day declared truly that Mr. Calhoun was the only American statesman of any standing who tried to limit the scope of the Monroe Doctrine. Thomas Jefferson said:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should never be to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe."

The words of Jefferson may be commended to the attention of those persons who think the operations of a foreign Power in South America of less importance than the temporary price of stocks.

Unless the Senate passes the Bond Bill this week, and unless the President sanctions the tariff legislation as well as the Bond Bill, the country will still be confronted by a failing gold reserve in the Treasury. It is

stated that President Cleveland has concluded to make another bond issue under the Resumption Act, and that the syndicate has already arranged to handle the loan. It is impossible to say just what the result of all this will be. This much can be declared, however, without danger of missing the mark: If the relief legislation proposed by Congress should come to the President, then the Executive will have the responsibility, if he should veto it. If, on the other hand, the Senate should refuse to pass the Bond Bill, immediate necessity will compel the President to issue the bonds. It is about an even game of partisan chances, with President Cleveland still holding the lead in the play. Such a way of deciding great questions is not much to our credit.

England has made a journalist, Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate to succeed the late Lord Tennyson. The Laureateship has long been a thing of importance, wholly on account of the eminent poet who was usually on hand to take the position, and adorn it and make it a something worthy of the country and of its literature. The post in itself is in our day an unwarrantable interference with poetry on the part of the ruling power. Of course no poet unacceptable to the Crown could ever get the place, no matter what was the actual performance of his genius. As it is, it is well to see a poet-journalist selected to grace the place once occupied by Dryden and the last time by one of the great harmony-poets of literature. In the present instance, it is known that Swinburne, despite his burning fervor of patriotism, was barred on account of that same uncontrollable terror extended to his erotic verse.

The Cubans are still sustaining the unequal contest with Spain. On New Year's Day the Spaniards were reported to be pursuing Gomez, the insurgent leader. A formidable loan has been negotiated, nevertheless, to aid in the rebellion. Madrid no longer conceals her uneasiness at the pertinacity of the situation. Last week the source of several million dollars in revenue was completely wiped out by a few scattered patriots. The rumor that Spain might recognize the Cuban Republic before long is quite credible under the circumstances. If ever manifest destiny was against a European Power, it seems to be against Spain in this long-distance attempt to suppress a people determined to be free.

Governor Morton's Message to the New York Legislature has a formal indorsement of the Monroe Doctrine, and is a statesmanlike document in every particular. His Excellency will be formally announced as a candidate for the Presidency, probably before these lines reach the reader. It is a long time since the Empire State gave the Republican party a Presidential candidate, and it is our turn to do so now. Governor Morton would be a model safe candidate, with not a single disturbing element in his logical availability. He is sound on all great public questions, from the Republican standpoint, has made no enemies with an aggressive boom, and can be relied upon in every emergency, as a level-headed and broad-gauge Executive. "There are others," of course; but none are the superiors and few the equals of Levi P. Morton, in all those sterling qualities that go to make up a safe statesman for the White House during the nervous days that seem to be ahead of us.

The road to ambition is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Senator Lodge's great speech on the Monroe Doctrine bristles with strong points. Read this one remark by the Massachusetts Senator in his exordium: "Those persons in this country who, for one reason or another, believe that we should never do anything which can clash with English interests have filled the air with their cries and lamentations. It is true that they are more vocal than numerous, but they are very vocal indeed. This outcry, coupled with London's attempt to frighten Congress by producing a stock panic, has tended to confuse the issue and to mislead many persons. When men usually sane cable to London such frantic nonsense as that the Senate is controlled by a jingo mob in the galleries, by 'the gentlemen of the pavement,' like the French Convention during the Reign of Terror, it seems as if a little cool explanation of the real situation would not be out of place."

Every man has his moments of inspiration, when he feels and thinks and can do what at other times is impossible; but they are only moments, and not many of them at a time, and he should, therefore, make the most of them.—A. DAUDET.

The Venezuelan Commission has been named by the President, and it is the intention to have a meeting as soon as possible. This may be either the beginning or the beginning of the end of the unpleasantness with Great Britain over Venezuela. There is more information on the subject of the rightful boundary line now than before Lord Salisbury's reply to Secretary Olney's note; but there is not enough to enable the Commission to do more than the President has already done—namely, to report that the Schomburgk line is doubtful and the

merits of the case ought to be submitted to an impartial tribunal of arbitration. Two new facts have come to light since, however, that ought to lead the Commission into the right road for a fair and an amicable proposal to Great Britain. It is certain that Earl Granville agreed to submit to arbitration the boundary and other matters of dispute with Venezuela in 1885; but when Lord Salisbury came into power he chose to limit arbitration to commercial matters alone. The other vital fact in the case is, that maps of Venezuela and Guiana, published from time to time with British approval, show a constant moving of the boundary line in favor of Guiana, although there had been in the meantime no new lawful accessions of British territory in that quarter. Such uncertainty as this would seem, on the face of it, to justify an appeal to arbitration now. I called attention several weeks ago to a fact somewhat cognate to this: that the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, high pro-British authority, described Venezuela in its edition of 1888 as claiming 632,807, while only 439,000 square miles were actually under Venezuelan administration. It is significant, too, that such undoubted British authority as the *"Britannica"* had not a word to say in 1888 about the Schomburgk line, in giving this item of geography, for the benefit of the general student. The most casual study will convince the most careless mind that uncertainty and doubt were on the mind of the writer of that article on Venezuela.

The Commissioners appointed by the President are David J. Brewer of Kansas, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; Richard H. Alvey of Maryland, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia; Andrew D. White of New York, who was first president of Cornell University and has served in many diplomatic stations; Frederick R. Coudert of New York, who was one of our attorneys before the Paris Tribunal that settled the Behring Sea seal fisheries dispute; and Daniel C. Gilman of Maryland, president of Johns Hopkins University. The findings of such a Commission ought to command the respect of even those English statesmen who try to convince themselves that this country has no business to interfere at all. It will be found that the kind of "international law" these distinguished gentlemen believe in is not merely that which the Code distinctly formulates, but contains the more vital principle that every independent State has a right to fair play, free from the encroachments of a stronger Power.

Let the memory of those oversights by which we have suffered instruct us, for though past moments cannot be recalled, past errors may be repeated.—A. DE MUSSET.

Read these words of the great Daniel Webster:

"I look on the Message of December, 1823, (the Monroe Doctrine Message) as forming a bright page in our history. I will neither help to erase it or tear it out, nor shall it be by any act of mine blurred or blotted. It did honor to the sagacity of the Government, and I will not diminish that honor. It elevated the hopes and gratified the patriotism of the people. Over those hopes I will not bring a mildew, nor will I put that gratified patriotism to shame."

Michael Davitt, the veteran Irish patriot, ex-member of Parliament and one of the founders of the Irish Nationalist party, has been interviewed on the Venezuela tangle. The old campaigner, speaking from a varied experience among British statesmen, gives this country a valuable suggestion when he points out that Lord Salisbury, as a statesman, is a bully toward weaker countries, but more than usually cautious and deliberate in his dealings with a first-class Power. It is quite likely that, whereas Venezuela, all alone, would have felt the high and harsh hand of his Lordship, the United States, in the role of mediator, will be listened to with much respect, when she firmly speaks her mind and takes the trouble to go beyond mere theoretical reasonings into a facing of the situation, in case she is called upon to do so.

In this connection, and speaking about Jingoism, what is the meaning of all this opposition to President Cleveland's Message? For a time, I thought myself that a few concluding paragraphs of the Message might have been left out, though in view of the great necessity of a national standing together, I deemed it wise to withhold such a criticism. It has become more and more evident that the President's Message—all of it—was sound. Some of these "Anti-Jingo" journals have the floor now. Why did these editors represent the Message as a threat of war? The President asked for a Commission to inquire about the Guiana-Venezuela boundary; and he added that if—after we found Venezuela was right or had a case—if even then, Great Britain refused arbitration, we ought to do what we could to protect Venezuela. Why did these journals say that the President's Message threatened war, unless our Commission's verdict was accepted as final? Was the exaggeration of the President's Message meant as a ruse to scare the American people?

President Cleveland's Venezuela Message was thoroughly American all the way through. It was not a threat but a demand for fair play, on our own account as well as on the account of a weaker Republic. The

attempt now, by a small and discredited fraction of the American press, to show it as ill-timed, violent, unfriendly and all that sort of thing, is a clear case of bad faith. Suppose it were somewhat vigorous, even more offensive than it is to these "Anti-Jingos"? What is wrong with the main contention—that Venezuela wants fair play and ought to have it? What is on the minds of the "Anti-Jingos"? Why have they nothing to say to Lord Salisbury's snub, in effect, that it is none of our business what England does in Venezuela? Is the "Anti-Jingo" press in the pay of Great Britain? Or does this o'er peaceful coterie cultivate a fad that frowns on mere, simple, plain-speaking Americanism? What is on the "Anti-Jingo's" mind?

Surely the best way is to meet the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.—GOLDSMITH.

"We are a great nation, Mr. President, and we have a great nation's duties and responsibilities. The path which we should follow lies clear before. We must be the leaders in the Western Hemisphere. We must protect our coasts and hold the commerce of that hemisphere. We do not meddle with the affairs of Europe. Neither Great Britain nor Europe must be permitted to interfere with our affairs or gain new territory here. We seek no quarrels with any nation. We have not been the aggressors in any of the difficulties which are now lowering upon the horizon."

"But, Mr. President, I think there is no mistaking the temper of the American people. For thirty years they have been absorbed in healing the ravages of civil war and in completing the conquest of the great continent which was our inheritance. That work is done."

"The American people have begun to turn their eyes toward these interests of the United States which lie beyond our borders and yet so near our doors. They see those interests have been neglected. They see another nation hemming them in with fortifications and encroaching upon regions which must remain what they have always been—American. They are resolved that there shall be an end to these things. They are resolved that the United States shall not sink in the scale of nations, but that it shall fulfill abroad as at home the greatest destiny to which it has been called."—Senator Lodge's great speech in the U. S. Senate.

The crime of the century bids fair to continue until its close, unless the United States shows the Old World Governments how to deal with Turkey and the Armenian problem. This country has a grievance and will make formal demand upon the Porte for damages inflicted upon Americans. While European Powers are looking on at the massacre of defenseless men, women and children, the bloodthirsty and unrestrained followers of the Prophet in the back provinces are said to be doing what they believe to be, not only the will of the Prophet, but the command of the Sultan. Another theory is, that the Sultan cannot restrain the Turkish soldiery, nor the fierce mountain tribes, whenever these are brought within sight of a settlement of the peaceful and primitive Oriental Christians.

Whatever the explanation, there is no hand yet outstretched to shield the helpless in the dominion of the Turk. Europe looks on, and Lord Salisbury says Turkish misrule cannot be wiped out in a day, for it is the growth of centuries. Russia, for three-quarters of a century, has endeavored to secure the independence of or a Russian protectorate over all the Christian provinces of the Turkish Empire; and the Crimean War (1853-1856), one of the most bloody and destructive wars of modern times, was successfully waged against the great Northern Power by England, France, Sardinia and Turkey—the "Allied Powers"—to prevent Russia's "aggression," and her military and commercial predominance in the Black Sea, on the theory that this would endanger the European Balance of Power and the future peace of Europe. The impartial student of history will admit that Russia has the cleanest hands, so far as the present awful plight of the Armenians is concerned; that Great Britain is the least guiltless of all the Powers, for she is protecting the monster of Constantinople for her own selfish purposes; and that the other Powers of Europe are not in a position to interfere unless either England or Russia leads the way.

Great Britain, if she is to keep the peace with her Mohammedan subjects in India, cannot take the initiative. Russia, now having in reserve a most advantageous move on the diplomatic chessboard, can afford to wait. Her advance in Central Asia would be welcomed to the gates of Delhi, all through Mohammedan Persia, Afghanistan and Turkestan, if Great Britain used her mastery of the situation to drive the Turk from Europe and occupy the Christian provinces with an army that would have to fight the fierce tribes with whose brethren in India she is trying to live in peace. Hence Lord Salisbury demands concerted action on the part of all the Powers.

In the name of our common humanity, in the name of the slain innocents whose last cries are to Heaven for vengeance and to the far-off Republic for a word of protest that ought to be heard, this country must send at once an official note on the subject. President Cleveland's formal Message to Congress struck the keynote. The Powers must rule Turkey if Turkey cannot or will not stop these massacres. Congress sees what the situation is. We showed Europe, on a former occasion, how

to abolish the tribute paid to the Mohammedan Barbary Pirates. We owe it to ourselves and to civilization to offer a plan for the swift abolition of a still more infamous and appalling tribute—the massacre of thousands of helpless men, women and children, offered up as sacrifice to the greed and jealousy of European Powers.

Old age is the twilight of eternity.—BARONNE D'HUART.

"The Monroe Doctrine interferes in no wise with the rights which the principles of international law give to all nations. It does not touch the question of reparation for injuries inflicted upon the subjects of any European Power by any of the Central or South American States. We cherish that right jealously ourselves; we do not deny it to others. If the subjects of any European Power suffer wrong at the hands of any of the Governments of South or Central America, that Power is entitled to demand the fullest satisfaction and redress."

"But, Mr. President, the question of reparation must not be mixed up with the acquisition of territory. Lord Salisbury, with the ingenuity for which he is distinguished, has made a claim for reparation upon Venezuela on account of the arrest by the Venezuelan authorities of certain British subjects. He turns to us and to the rest of the world with the inquiry as to whether the Monroe Doctrine is to interfere with the right of every Power to protect its citizens in South America."

"To such a question there can be but one answer, and Lord Salisbury is assured beforehand of the sympathy of all nations on that point. But the whole case has not been stated in that question. Those British subjects were arrested on the disputed territory, on the land which the British Government, by its accredited representative, solemnly pledged itself not to occupy until the question of ownership was finally settled. If that territory belongs to England, those men were wrongfully arrested. If it belongs to Venezuela, they were rightfully arrested. If Venezuela pays now the indemnity fixed and demanded by England, she acknowledges in so doing that that territory is British territory, and she gives her whole case away. The Monroe Doctrine does not interfere with any nation seeking reparation for injuries to its subjects, but it does interfere when a demand for reparation is to be made the pretext for the seizure of territory by a European Power on the American continent."—Senator Lodge's great speech in the U. S. Senate.

They who have never known prosperity can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—EMILE ZOLA.

Our mother country has sons in South Africa under the leadership of the energetic and assertive Dr. Jameson. These British world-searchers settled in the Transvaal Republic, a Dutch community under the presidency of the broad and phlegmatic Kruger, a man who is almost a personal ruler among his people. The Anglo-Saxon race did not like the rule of Kruger, and Dr. Jameson led a force of five hundred men last week to uphold the Uitlanders against the Republic. President Kruger called the burghers of Johannesburg to arms. The British War Office began to disclaim and repudiate Jameson, and so did the British authorities of Cape Colony. But Jameson cut the wires behind him, and the messengers were unable to catch him on foot. It is not likely President Kruger will ask for arbitration. But, if Jameson and his followers do not subside at once, South Africa may furnish Great Britain with something else besides gold fields.

What curious ideas some of our British cousins have respecting American politics. The *Saturday Review*, discussing President Cleveland's Message about the Venezuela boundary question, observes that "the truth of the matter is that President Cleveland, having at length realized that his tariff policy had cost the Democratic party New Jersey and Kentucky, resolved to win the support of the Irish and Jingoism in the United States by twisting the British lion's tail. Unluckily the Republican Senators drew him into a declaration of 'spirited foreign policy' six months too soon. His Message is already being riddled with impartial criticism. The London Stock Exchange has shown an exact and humorous appreciation of the situation by telegraphing to the New York Stock Exchange its hope that in the event of hostilities between the two countries the British warships would not have their movements interfered with by irresponsible excursion steamers issuing from New York and other ports. The New York Exchange, we understand, has replied to the effect that they hope our warships are better than our yachts. In fine, the sensible people on both sides of the water have recognized that President Cleveland has played Dogberry to no purpose. He has written himself down an ass, and that is about all he has accomplished."

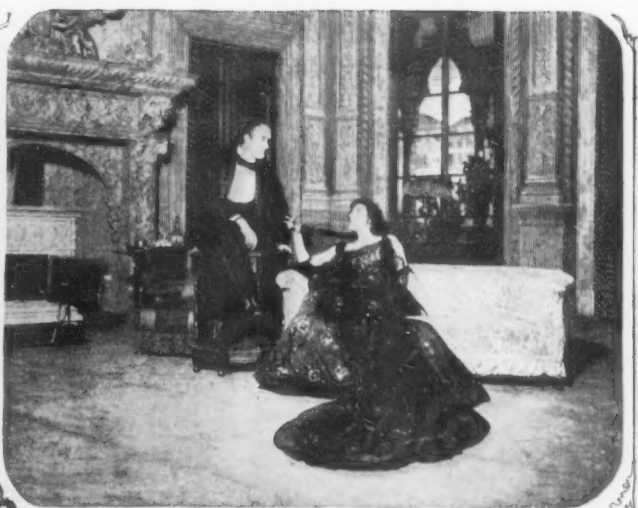
So, so, is it there you are, dear cousin, still hugging the delusion that this "spirited foreign policy" is a mere political dodge in furtherance of a third term? This is rank nonsense, dear cousin, and the sooner you change your mind the better will it be for the revival of real friendly relations. Nobody here wants war, dear cousin, but we must have this continent to ourselves—that is, for Brother Jonathan and his Republican coparceners south of the Rio Grande. Canada is all right.



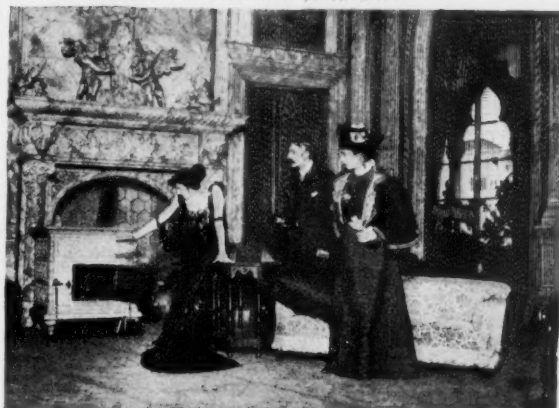
CINDERELLA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEPH BAIL.



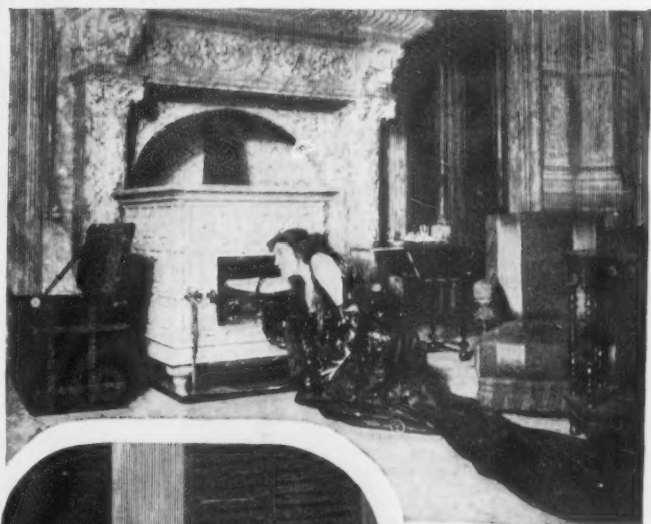
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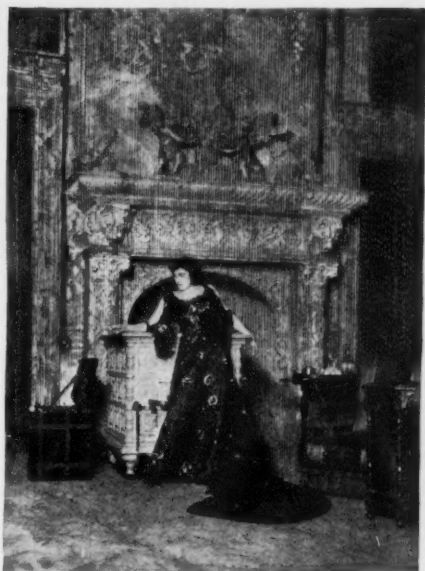
AGNES. I AM QUITE MYSELF AGAIN LUCAS DEAR



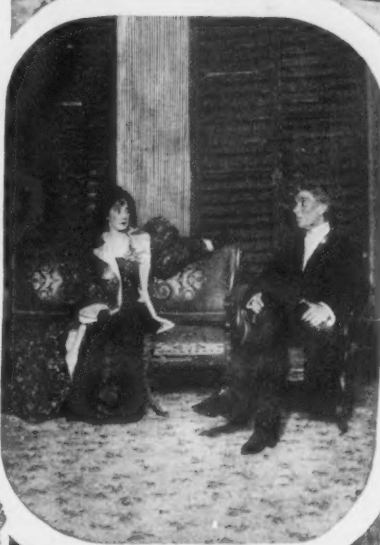
AGNES. I'LL NOT ENDURE THE SIGHT OF IT



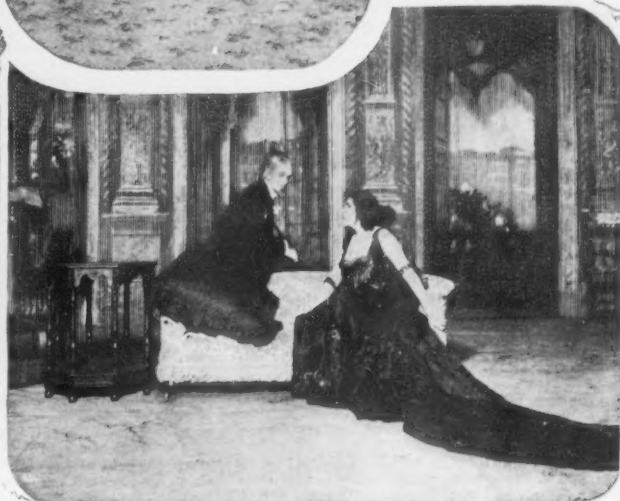
END OF ACT 3



MY SEX HAS FOUND ME OUT



DUKE. I'D BE ALLOWED TO HELP YOU



DUKE. ITS MUCH IN VOGUE AT MY END OF THE TOWN

SCENES FROM "THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH" AT ABBEY'S THEATRE.

(See page 15.)

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

Does thou ask what love is? Love is bliss and woe;
Gentle as a dove is, timid as a doe;
Jealous as a tigress fighting for her young,
Braver than a lion when the foe has sprung.

Love is like a fire-fly, with its living spark
Shining ever brighter when the way is dark;
Love is like a rose-bud, full of hidden sweets,
Fragrant in the woodlands or the weary streets.

Love is like a river ceasing not to run,
Though the stones be rugged and the banks be dun.
Love will smooth the furrows hard of pain and trace,
Love will soothe the sadness on the dear one's face.

Love is like the radiance of a distant star,
For we see it beaming through the years afar;
Still we see it gleaming, knowing not eclipse,
Though the bloom is piling on the nectared lips.

Love is like a sunbeam, lighting with its gold
Facies fair or faded, tresses young or old.
When the youthful roses wither from the cheek,
Love will kiss the pallor on the brow so meek.

Does thou ask if love is something doomed to die,
Like the opal rainbow in the summer sky?
Only death can tell thee, but this heart of mine
Deemeth that immortality is half divine!

—ALICE MACRAE.

A GHASTLY AWAKENING.

BY MARQUISE DE SOURDY.

"ONE, two, three, four!" counted the major as the wounded were brought into the extemporized ambulance and were deposited upon the bundles of straw which were to serve them as couch until the moment came for them to be operated on. The wind blew fiercely and shook the canvas sides of the large tent, under the folds of which rows upon rows of uncomfortable little truckle-beds were literally packed, while heavy showers of rain sounded like hail above our head. It was by no means an easy or a pleasant job to have to take care of all these poor mangled soldiers under such unfavorable circumstances, and I could not but acknowledge drearily to myself that I had undertaken a well-nigh hopeless task when I had insisted on following my husband, who was in command of part of our troops during this bloody Bosnian campaign, to the battlefield. I was very young then, barely seventeen, although I had been married already somewhat over a year, and this may explain the wild enthusiasm which had prompted me in the matter.

I had, it is true, one consolation, and that was that my two friends, Princess W—and Countess X—had initiated me, and were also fighting as best they could against the numerous and almost insurmountable difficulties placed in the way of conscientious sick-nurses, who have to dispense with all the conveniences and even necessities of an ordinary hospital. We were often left without chloroform, without ice—of course—without beef-tea, or even, for the matter of that, without any nourishing food at all for our patients. Blankets were a luxury, and as to lint, and linen, and bandages, we had to exercise our utmost ingenuity to procure the best possible substitutes therefor.

"Five, six, seven, eight!" continued the major, in a stentorian voice, which was, nevertheless, almost drowned by the sullen booming of the cannon echoing from the hills on our left.

"Why, I hope that they are not going to kill our sick and wounded, under the very shadow of the red-cross flag!" ejaculated the major in dismay, as the cannonading and fusillade rose louder and louder, seemingly closing us in from all sides.

The situation was indeed a serious one; for the battle, which had lasted since early in the morning, had by no means abated yet, although it was now half-past four in the afternoon. Moreover, we were not properly protected on this bleak plateau where we had pitched our ambulance-tent, and in case of a defeat we had but little mercy to expect from the savage enemy, who were reported to destroy everything wearing an Austrian uniform, whether this uniform contained a prisoner, a disabled combatant, or even a mere corpse!

Sorrowfully I stood watching the orderlies as they lifted the wounded down from the ambulance-cart and brought them in as quickly as they could from under the pouring rain; and so absorbed was I in this pitiful spectacle that I started violently upon hearing my name called loudly by the major.

"What is the matter?" I cried, running toward him.

"Matter?" he growled. "Why, everything is the matter. Here I am without assistants, and obliged to perform Heaven knows how many operations single-handed; and, what is more, I will be hanged if I know whether the chloroform will reach out."

This was certainly an anxious state of affairs, and I could not wonder at the major's moody face and brusqueness of speech. Brusk he always was more or less, this excellent doctor, or "Major," as the military physicians are called in Europe, because this rank belongs to them by right; but still I had never seen so forbidding an expression nor so somber a look on his weather-beaten countenance. Much concerned, I touched him on the arm, and looking up to his perturbed face, which towered so high up in the air above me—the major prided himself on being the tallest medical man in the Austrian army—I said on the impulse of the moment: "Let me help you with the operating part of it; you know that I have gained a considerable amount of experience since I came here, and then I am not a bit nervous and never get tired."

A smile broke upon his lips as he answered, more gently: "That's all very true, but do you know what the physical fatigue of such an undertaking means? I have often seen men hale and strong give in on such occasions, and you, my poor little delicate, slender princess, want to help me in my butcher's work?"

I laughed, so comical was the intensity of his protest. "Have you anything better to suggest?" I said, sweetly. "We have now here two Sisters of Mercy, who have more than they can attend to with the soldiers already operated upon; my two friends have

been sent for to help nurse the patients at the ambulance down in the valley, and the orderlies do not possess a sufficient dose of intelligence to be of use to you, so you see yourself that my offer is not so silly, after all."

For a few moments he gazed at me with undisguised astonishment, after which he said, with a shrug of his broad shoulders: "We will try it; I am mighty sorry to be forced to accept this new sacrifice from you, but I really do not see what else I can do. I'll spare you all I can; but, in spite of that, it will be a rough experience for so young a hand; so go and get ready. Take one of my aprons, for there will be lots of dirty work, and look out that you don't faint, for I will have no time to spare in reviving you."

I shuddered a little, for his words implied that, however hardened I believed myself to be, I was on the point of a new departure. Of course, I had seen many serious operations since the beginning of the campaign, and I had dressed many ghastly wounds; but I began to realize that my attempt at practical surgery was likely to be fraught with quite another kind of hardships than those I had already gone through. Nevertheless, I set my teeth, and ran to get ready, according to the major's advice; and a pretty sight I did look with his gigantic apron tucked way up under my chin, and my sleeves rolled almost to the shoulders, as though I were about to undertake some difficult culinary operation instead of a great many surgical ones.

When I re-entered the ambulance I must confess that I felt uncommonly like running away again without so much as giving the odious place another look! By means of some sail-cloth, or tent cloth, or whatever it may have been, the upper portion thereof had been partitioned off, and a long table covered with an oil-cloth of questionable cleanliness had been placed in the middle of this amateur amphitheatre. Near by on a stand were laid out, in pompous array, every sort of surgical instrument, from a saw to a pair of vicious-looking pincers, together with some sponges and a scanty provision of lint and medicated cotton-wool. On the table lay a poor fellow whose face, as white as linen, wore an expression of the most horrified apprehension, while the doctor was saturating with chloroform a small ragged cloth. Nerving myself to stand whatever might follow, I modestly approached, and in a voice which I endeavored to steady, I reported in all due form that I was ready for work. The major, without lifting his head, said, in the most matter-of-fact manner possible:

"Do you know how to administer chloroform?" I gazed helplessly at him, and then shamefacedly admitted that I had as yet never tried my hand at so ticklish a piece of business. In a few short words he explained to me what I was to do, and, although my hand trembled more than I should have cared for him to notice, I set to work to carry out his instructions in the best way I could.

In spite of the attention which I was giving to my task I could not help casting an occasional glance at the horrors surrounding us on all sides. The aspect of the ambulance had become really terrible. Unceasingly the wounded were being carried in, and as there was no more room on the hastily arranged beds, a couple of orderlies were scattering some bundles of straw on the floor to lay down the groaning, miserable remnants of humanity arriving from the battlefield in a continuous stream. Moans and sobs of heartrending anguish filled the air, and, in a corner, a very young soldier, fair-haired and delicately built, kept up a soft pleading murmur of entreaty, inexpressibly painful to hear, calling upon his mother, poor fellow, to come and take his pain away. Wounds which had been too summarily dressed by inexperienced ambulance men had become undone; and nothing can give an idea of the aspect presented by the poor sufferers, torn and bleeding, their uniforms all covered with mud and their faces so drawn and pinched and haggard, in the dim afternoon light of this stormy day!

In the meanwhile, the patient on the table had succumbed to the fumes of the chloroform, and the major, being also quite ready, we began this awful operation, which is known to the men of science under the name of "disarticulation of the shoulder by the method of Lisfranc." It is what surgeons are pleased to call a neat and clean operation, "quick and dainty," as they have it; for a good operator can accomplish it in forty-five seconds. Maybe I was not worthy of appreciating the beauties thereof, however, for I saw nothing "dainty" in the butchering of the wretched man whose livid head was pillowed upon my arm. I tried vainly to look another way; but wherever my eyes fell there was nothing but misery and distress of the worst description, and I could not help gazing with a kind of unaccountable fascination on "my patient," who was now propped up in a sitting posture, by the orders of the major, and held fast between myself and a burly ambulanceier. This assistant knew, fortunately, more about our greswome work than I did; for, when the major had seized the deltoid muscle, transpierced the arm by means of his long, narrow-bladed knife, and detached the joint—all that in three movements—he, the assistant, needed no prompting to close the several arteries with his thumbs while the anxious surgeon was fixing the ligatures.

"Ah!" cried the major, "that is fine. I bet you, Princess, that it did not take me over forty seconds to do it!"

I said nothing, for, if the truth were known, I was feeling very sick indeed; but pride came to my aid, and I even made a pretense of admiring the masterly fashion in which he drew down and secured the "flap," like a flat epaulet, although it was, to me at least, by no means a welcome spectacle.

"Do you know, Princess," the major continued, "that there is always an immediate danger of death when one places a patient in a sitting posture while he is under the influence of chloroform; and, moreover, if proper care be not taken all the blood can run out of the body in four minutes through the humoral artery?"

No, I did not know all these interesting details; and although much obliged to the major for disclosing them to me, I did not lend him my undivided attention, for the patient was coming to, and I felt too much for him to be able to attend to anything else. For a short moment he cast a bewildered look upon the objects around

him; then catching sight of his severed arm, which still lay upon the operating-table, he glanced at his mutilated shoulder, and, to my intense dismay, burst into a passion of tears.

"Hallo, my man!" cried the doctor; "don't take on; you are all right now."

But the poor fellow refused to be consoled, and pitiful it was to hear him murmur in a low, broken voice: "What do you want me to do now; how shall I work to keep my wife and child from starving?"

I confess that I was almost overcome, and even the major knit his brows and looked extremely glum. But we had no time to waste on talk, for on all sides agonized voices were imploring the doctor to "please come and attend to the injuries received."

Time had fled, and now it was so dark that, in spite of the few oil lamps which had been procured with difficulty, we hardly saw what we were about.

"Confound this infernal gloom!" exclaimed the major, who usually never swore; and I sympathized with his irritation. By the aid of two of the ambulance lamps we however succeeded in obtaining sufficient light to continue the operations. One after the other, legs, arms, fingers and toes were amputated, horrible scalp-wounds, caused by the broad-bladed swords of our formidable opponents, were stitched, and still we saw no end to our task. I was so tired that I did not feel my limbs any more, and a thirst such as I had never experienced parched my throat. I honestly believe that by this time the major had entirely forgotten who and what I was, for he ordered me about like one of his ordinary assistants. Always quick to learn, I had, fortunately for myself, got rapidly acquainted with the duties required of me, and I now made no mistakes in handing him the instruments he required or in helping him in all manner of ways. How he could go on cutting, slicing, sawing and stitching in the way he did is, to this day, a mystery to me; and I am sure that he must have been made of iron, for the strain was something awful.

Toward midnight he suddenly looked up from a frightfully mangled arm which he was excising, and, noticing my face—a very pale one, I presume—he said something to an orderly. The latter rushed off and soon returned carrying a pannikin filled with brandy-and-water and a couple of biscuits.

"Take that," said my old friend, peremptorily; "you'll faint by and by if you don't."

I thanked him, and tried to munch a tiny bit of the biscuits, but could not manage to swallow a single morsel. The brandy-and-water, however, strange as it seemed to me to drink it, did me a great deal of good; it put new life into me, and gave me strength to continue my exertions.

The rain had ceased, and outside the stars were shining above the now solemnly still world, the silence seeming doubly complete after the cannonading of the day. I stretched myself, and prepared everything for a new operation; for the orderlies were just bringing us a young officer of cavalry, whose blood-soaked dolman and waxen face told their own tale of suffering. His eyes were closed, and, besides that, his countenance was almost obliterated by powder and mud; but when I had rubbed some of the grime away with a wet napkin, I recoiled in sheer horror. This maimed and crushed human being, who had well-nigh lost all semblance of human appearance, was young Count Z—! the darling of a doting widowed mother, and a boy whom I had known all my life.

"Major!" I called out, "see who this is; just think of his poor mother."

"So it is, so it is," replied he, shaking his big head sadly; for he, too, knew the brave and dashing young officer well. "Why was he not brought here as soon as he arrived?" he growled. "How can I do anything for him now, after so many hours? Why, the boy must be as weak as a cat from mere loss of blood."

The wound—at least the principal one—was above the knee, and the major cried to the orderly to cut the trousers and underclothes as quickly as he could. When this was done the leg appeared in all its horror. The bones had been, so to say, pulverized, and there was a great gaping hole really greswome to behold. The young count had by this time recovered consciousness, and, glancing from the major to me—without seeming otherwise astonished to see us there—he said, smiling feebly:

"They have fixed me pretty well, have not they? I am afraid that there will be no more dancing for me now, madame."

Poor fellow! No, indeed, his dancing days were over; in fact, I saw, from the major's anxious expression and knitted brow, that he considered him as good as dead already. The latter felt the injured limb, and, finding it ice-cold and pulseless, he gave vent to a low whistle which boded trouble. The patient, in spite of his exhausted condition, noticed all this quite as much as I did, and murmured wearily:

"A bad case, eh, major? Better slice it off at once and have done with it."

I shuddered. Slice it off, cripple this handsome youth for life, if he managed to pull through the ghastly operation! What a frightful thing war is, to be sure, thought I to myself, as I moistened the parched lips and wiped the cold sweat from his pallid face.

"I was going to propose the amputation to you, sir, and I am happy to see that you have resigned yourself thereto," the surgeon said, gently. "The sooner the better, you know; so if you have no objection, we will proceed at once with this necessary evil."

"Oh, yes, go ahead," he replied; "but may I ask a favor?"

"Anything you ask will be done; what is it you wish?"

"Simply that you will stay by me until the end."

This was said to me with such a look of diffident entreaty that I could hardly steady my voice sufficiently to answer.

"Stay with you? Yes, of course I will stay with you, dear boy; you know that I will, and save you, too, if careful nursing can accomplish it."

The preparations did not last long. Already I had caught hold of the chloroform, and the surgeon had turned to his fearful instruments. I will say nothing of the effect produced upon me by the rapid cutting of muscle, flesh and sinew, nor of the awful sawing of the

bone; for I went through my share of the horrid affair like one in a dream, and just as though it were the last drop which was likely to make my cup of fatigue and nervous exhaustion overflow. But I was forced to rally my sinking courage; for at the very moment when, the operation over, the orderly was bearing off the severed leg, our patient opened his eyes, and, in order to avoid his witnessing this last act of the tragedy, I began to talk to him with all the animation I could muster.

Shortly afterward I found myself in the furthest corner of the Lazaretto watching beside the bed where the count had been laid. Operating was over, at least for that night, and I was now trying to redeem my promise, although the condition of the patient gave me but little hope of being able to pull him through. The major had begged me hard to sleep for a few hours, at least, undertaking to relieve me of all care during that time; but I felt that it would be impossible for me to attempt anything of the kind, with all the excitement of the day, the unusual fatigue, and the terrible anxiety which weighed me down on account of the precious life intrusted to my care, and my care alone, as I thought, at least; for was not the poor boy's mother a dear friend of my own mother?

My patient had dropped into an uneasy doze, troubled only too often by the means of the suffering humanity surrounding us from all sides. Suddenly his eyes opened wide; for an instant he cast a glance of terror about him, then, in a voice of positive agony, he said, despairingly:

"I think I am going to die! Come to me; let me hold your hand."

I knelt beside his rude little couch, fondling him as had been a baby, and calling him by those endearing names which mothers use to their sick children in order to soothe their pain. I forgot that he was a stalwart cavalry officer, with a pair of fair mustaches which had worked much havoc in many a feminine heart, remembering him only as the companion with whom I had played in days of yore. His large blue eyes, so soft and heavy and languid, were fixed upon me with the regret of the life he was about to lose.

"I am cold, so cold," he murmured.

I threw my arms about him with a vague instinct that I could thus cure this cold—that of death. Again he shut his eyes, but to open them once more in the same startled manner as before.

"Say a prayer," he gasped, and, almost mechanically, I repeated the sublime words of our Catholic last blessing for the dying. The words left my lips incoherently; for I was watching the last struggle of the departing soul with its earthly envelope. Gradually the features relaxed from their rigidity, the fair head fell back against my arm, and, with a weary sigh, the spirit took its flight toward heaven.

I think that after this last shock I must have lost consciousness temporarily. When I came to I was lying half across the miserable little hospital bed. I rose to my feet, reverently closed the eyes of the dead boy, and then stood irresolute, not knowing what to do next.

The long, low, canvas-roofed ambulance, lighted only by a few smoky lamps, looked dismal indeed, while the heavy breathing of the slumbering wounded sounded from the deep shadows. I knew that it was no use to rouse my friend, the major, from his valiantly earned sleep to acquaint him with a dismal piece of news which it would be quite time enough to tell him in the morning; so I drew the coarse sheet over Count Z's remains, and, completely dazed and dizzy, I sank down upon the floor between his bed and that of a corporal of some infantry regiment, who had been brought in early in the evening with a bullet-hole through his lungs. I had noticed one of our Sisters of Mercy as she came every hour to moisten his lips and see to the dressing of his wounds; but now she was busy elsewhere, and he himself seemed to have fallen asleep in good earnest.

With my back supported by the death-bed behind me, and my hands listlessly crossed in my lap, I let my eyes wander from one scene of misery to the other. In the midst of my gloomy observations I was overcome by all I had gone through, and, in spite of sorrow and of my aching bones, I dropped into what one is wont to call a dead sleep. How long I slept I never knew, probably not very long. I dreamed all manner of confused things. I was fighting, struggling with scores of enemies, and suddenly I fancied that a huge rock had fallen on me from the top of a mountain, and that I was vainly attempting to disengage myself from under its overpowering weight. I screamed, but the cry was strangled in my throat. Again I raised my voice loudly, and the sound thereof woke me up. Was all this no dream? Was I really being crushed by some awful mass? My cry had aroused everybody. Two orderlies, the major himself, and the two Sisters came rushing toward me. I vaguely remember their discussing the incident of which I had fallen a victim; I felt them removing the weight from my breast, and then I knew nothing more.

Later I was told what had happened, and a shiver runs through my veins to this day when I think of it. The wounded corporal had died in the throes of a terrible agony while sleep overpowered me, and in the efforts which he unconsciously made to free himself from the hold which mankind's arch enemy takes upon all of us when our time has come, he had fallen from his bed right on top of me.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendvesta of the Persians, the Mormon, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World were: The pyramids of Egypt, the mausoleum of Artemisia, the temple of Diana of Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus by Phidias, and the Pharos or watch-tower of Rhodes.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

MARVELS OF MODERN SURGERY.

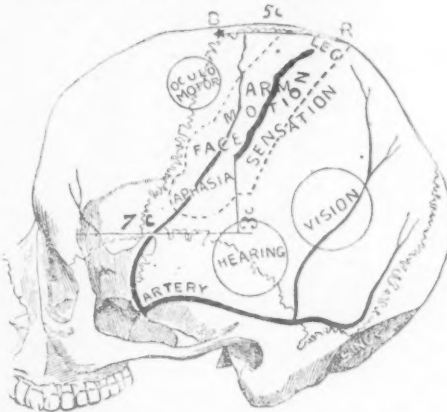
BRAIN LOCALIZATION—WELLS' TELEPHONIC PROBE—MURPHY'S BUTTONS—THE GASTRODIAPHANE.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M. D.

It is only necessary to glance over the pages of the great American weeklies and monthlies to learn that the present age is one of splendid material and mechanical improvement. Scarcely a month passes without the publication of some startling invention, or of some wonderful amelioration of the material ills of mankind.

But while the advance in engineering, electrical appliances and other mechanical items of progress is moderately well known to the population at large, there is another sphere in which progress has been so marvelous as to stagger the imagination.

I refer to that of surgery and to its increasing dominion over and modification of the bones and tissues of our bodies in health and disease. Broca, Goltz, Hitzig, Ferrier, Horsley and a long line of painstaking and laborious experimentalists have succeeded in localizing the sense and motor-centres in the rind of the brain (the cortex of the cerebrum).



MAP OF THE HUMAN SKULL, SHOWING LOCATION OF CENTRES OF MOTION AND SENSATION.

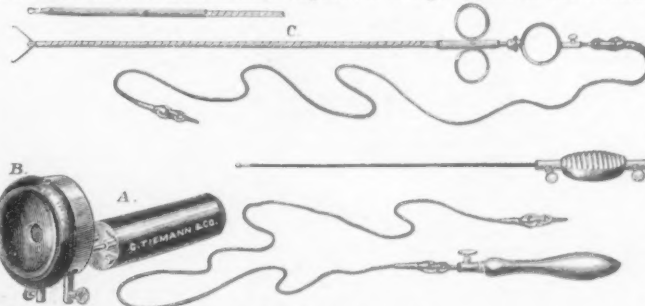
Exhaustively acquainted with the results of these experiments, and fortified by experiments of his own, Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, after localizing the thumb-centre, by measurements, has opened the skull, cut down fearlessly into the brain substance and removed that centre from a young girl whose epileptic attacks always began in her thumb. The operation stopped her epileptic attacks.

Now just consider for a moment what a thought-exciting operation this was. It would not be very hard if we likened the brain to an apple, and if we were convinced that a certain limited portion of that apple were rotten, by its manifestations on the skin, to cut into the substance of the fruit and remove carefully and absolutely every whit of the discolored tissue. We would have the eyes as a guide in the operation. But in this operation upon the substance of the brain, there was no such visual assistance. The apple and its rotten portion fail utterly to convey an explicit idea of just what a marvelous thing was done in this instance.

Let us liken the human brain again to an apple. We have ascertained by certain scientific experiments—no matter what—that there is a well-defined portion of that apple which is bitter to the taste. It is only this bitter part that must be removed. Not an iota of the sweet fruit flesh can be sacrificed. But all of the bitter part must come away; and there are tremendous penalties inflexible upon the cutter if he removes anything except what is bitter. And this is just what Dr. Keen did to perfection. If he had left any of the diseased thumb-centre behind, there would have been an uninterrupted sequence of mitigated epileptic attacks—not so severe, perhaps, but still prevalent. If he had removed any portion of the sound adjacent brain substance, there would have been paralysis of the fingers—permanent paralysis following a slip on that side; and permanent paralysis of the elbow or shoulder following a slip upon this side.

WELLS' TELEPHONIC PROBE.

To poke an instrument about the interior folds of the brain in the effort to locate a small fragment of foreign



WELLS' TELEPHONIC PROBE.

substance used to be not only dangerous but in many cases fruitless. This danger has now been obviated by the invention of the telephonic probe by Dr. Wells, a surgeon in the service of the United States.

This probe when introduced into the substance of the brain instantly notifies the operator (he hears the metallic click) when he has touched the foreign substance, and then, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, the probe, without being moved from its position

of discovery, opens and grasps the foreign fragment which may then be deftly and instantly extracted.

MURPHY'S BUTTONS.

Professor J. B. Murphy of the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons has invented what are known as "Murphy's Buttons." These are among the most ingenious mechanical devices known to abdominal surgery. To hold and stitch together the two slippery ends of torn or cut intestines is a most difficult and dangerous task. The Murphy Buttons obviate both difficulty and danger.

The surgeon presses one of the buttons into each gaping end of intestine and gathers the flesh around the shaft of the button, securing it in position with a few turns of chromotized thread. Then he presses the smaller of the two shafts inside the other as far as possible, where it catches and holds. The ends are thus brought together and heal by first intention. The pressure of a spring round the shaft of the button cuts them free whenever the wound heals; and they pass out of the system through the intestines with the unabsorbed food waste.



MURPHY'S BUTTONS.

THE GASTRODIAPHANE.

The desire to utilize sight in the diagnosis of diseases of the stomach existed long ago and led to the invention of Mikulicz's gastroscope. Thus far this instrument has never come into practical use because it consists of a metal tube which is troublesome and painful to insert; and an inflexible tube would under all circumstances be necessary in order that its lumen or calibre may not change in size or direction and thus interfere with sight.

Still later attempts were made by distinguished surgeons to introduce an Edison lamp as well as a very minute camera obscura into the stomach through the medium of a soft rubber tube. By suddenly closing the current an instantaneous photograph should be created. But technical difficulties have thus far prevented the realization of this plan.

In 1892 T. Heryng and N. Reichmann made public an apparatus consisting of a lamp introduced by a tube into the stomach and cooled by filling the stomach with water before its introduction. But this apparatus was also found to possess defects and was rejected as unfeasible.

The plan proposed by Voltolini for the transillumination of the larynx led Dr. Max Einhorn of New York City to the invention of his Gastrodiaphane, which seems to have fully solved the problem of illuminating the stomach so profoundly that any diseased condition appears through the abdominal walls and is patent to the eye of the trained observer.

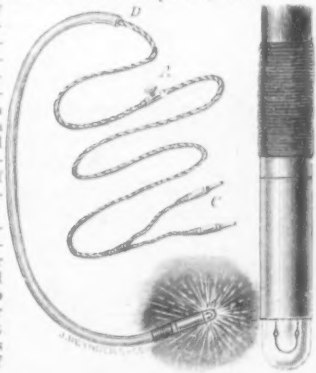
This Gastrodiaphane is nothing more nor less than a small electric lamp having a power of from eight to twelve volts and composed of a metallic or carbon electrode inclosed in a small perforated capsule of hard rubber. Attached to this is a soft rubber tube containing the conducting wires, which are incased in silk.

The electricity is derived from a simple storage battery, the circuit of which has been broken by a wire rheostat of a known resistance.

The method of employing this instrument is as follows: The patient, standing or sitting in a darkened room, is requested to drink one or two glasses of cold water. The electric capsule, which is not as large as a small-sized olive, is lubricated with glycerol, and can then be swallowed without any difficulty. When the current is turned on, it is diffused throughout the water contained in the stomach and the outline of that organ may then be traced through the anterior abdominal wall as a translucent reddish zone.

By this procedure, pathological states of the stomach, such as tumors or thickening of its front wall, excessive dilatation or a downward displacement, may be recognized as darkened, enlarged or displaced areas, respectively, and an appropriate course of treatment instituted.

Professor Howard A. Kelly of Baltimore has adopted a similar aid in exploring the abdominal cavity after an incision is made through its walls. He employs a portable drop-light, consisting of a sixteen candle power lamp attached to a short wooden handle, and connected with the source of supply by insulated wire cords. By means of such a light, held in the hand and reflected according to will in any direction, every accessible portion of the abdominal and pelvic centre appears with vivid distinctness, and the smallest oozing vessels can be picked up, and torn surfaces accurately united, by delicate sutures under direct inspection.



THE GASTRODIAPHANE.



ICE YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.



A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE.

MARRIED OR SINGLE?

BY

B. M. CROKER

Author of "Diana Barrington," "A Family Likeness," etc.

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CHAPTER I

THE PUPIL-TEACHER

MRS. AND THE MISSES HARPER.

SELECT ESTABLISHMENT

FOR

YOUNG LADIES.

THE above, engraved in bold characters on a highly-polished brass plate, may be read on the gate of an imposing mansion situated in the far-spreading suburbs of Riverside, one of the principal mercantile towns in England. "Harperton" is a solid and secluded residence, standing in its own grounds (of two acres, one perch). It is planned to resemble a country house of some pretensions, but the symmetry of its proportions is spoiled by a long, low building jutting out at the side, that may be taken for anything from a stable to a billiard-room, but is, in fact, the scene of Mrs. Harper's scholastic labors, erected at her own cost—in other words, the schoolroom. This apartment is illuminated by six windows, the lower halves of which are, of course, of muffled glass. The floor is carpeted here and there, as it were, in squares or plots, and in the midst of each square there is a desk and a comfortable cushioned chair. These indicate the localities of the various classes. The school-room walls are covered with maps, book cases, lists of rules and practicing hours, and lined with narrow desks and benches. A worn piano, a prim, white-faced clock, and a high wire fender comprise most of the furniture—ornamental and otherwise; unless we include the two young ladies who are sitting at one of the far desks, making the most of their time while the boarders are out for their usual walk. One of these damsels has mendaciously pleaded earache in order to escape the hateful daily promenade. The other—that nondescript character, a pupil-teacher—is fulfilling a part of her duties, and diligently darning the "little ones'" stockings, while her companion, with both elbows on the desk, and both hands in her ruffled hair, watches her and talks.

"This must be perfectly awful for you, Madeline dear," she was saying. "Don't you loathe it all, and wish you could run away? I should, if I were in your shoes."

"Run away! What nonsense, Flo! Where could I run to, even supposing such an insane idea had entered my head, which it never has done? You forget that I have no friends in England; and, after all, I am not such an object of pity as you seem to imagine," darning steadily all the time.

"If you are not, I should like to know who is!" demanded her schoolfellow, emphatically. "You are one day at the top of the tree, the head of the first class, the best pupil Herr Kroot ever had, adored by the Harpies"—here Miss Blewitt alluded to her respected instructress and daughters—"always exquisitely dressed, with heaps of pocket-money, sleeping in the best room, allowed a fire in winter, every extra—claret and coffee—and I don't know *what!* After years and years of this style of thing, and when you are seven-

teen, and almost finished, your father suddenly stops supplies, you are not paid for for three whole terms, and the hateful Harpies make you into a regular drudge—a pupil-teacher, a nursery governess, a servant! You sleep in the attic with those odious little Smiths—wash, dress, and teach them; you go messages to the shops, and even into Riverside—you, who were never allowed to stir one yard alone; you mend and darn and teach."

She paused, not from lack of words, but from want of breath.

"And a very good thing that I *can* do something to pay for my living," remarked the other, with composure. "If I could not sew and mend and teach, what would become of me, I should be glad to know? I could scarcely expect the Harpers to go on keeping me at their own expense; and now I take the fifth class, the little ones' music, and I save a servant for those Indian children, I work for my bread—and I am worth it."

"I should rather think you were," rejoined her listener, sarcastically. "You are worth a hundred a year to them as teacher, besides being dressmaker and nursery-maid. It makes me wild—I feel quite crazy—when I see all that they get out of you, early and late, and the shameful way they treat you! Once upon a time you were 'darling Madeline'—their 'dear, bright-faced girl,' their 'model pupil,' now you are 'Madeline West,' or 'Miss West,' and you are 'slow,' 'awkward,' 'lazy,' and 'impertinent.' Oh, dear me! dear me! sometimes I feel as if I should like to fly at Miss Selina and bite a piece out of her, I am so savage."

"I hope to goodness you will restrain your feelings," said Madeline, with a smile, as she threaded a long needleful of black wool, and commenced on a gaping heel. "The Harpers are only human, after all! It was very hard on them, my father having failed; and all my music-lessons, and painting, and singing, and German, for two terms, had to be paid for out of their own pockets. Signor Squaletti charges half a guinea an hour. Then there were my clothes. I feel hot all over when I remember the quantity of money I laid out, believing that it would be all settled, as usual, by father's check at Christmas. There was that white dress for the breaking-up party—"

"In which you made such an impression on the Wolfertons' friend, young Mr. Wynne," interrupted Florence, with a meaning nudge. "Oh, yes, I remember the white dress!"

"Don't, Flo! Your elbow is like a knife," expostulated her friend, with some discernible increase of color. "As to Mr. Wynne, what you say is nonsense, and you know Mrs. Harper forbids us to speak of—of—such things."

"I know that Mrs. Harper was most uneasy in her mind when she saw him dancing four times with you running—yes, dance after dance—and she came up and introduced him to Julia Flowers' two red-haired sisters, and said that gentlemen were so scarce, and her girls were not out, and all that sort of rubbish; and she sent him down to supper with old Mrs. Browne, and she sent you to bed because you looked pale! Oh, yes, I saw it all—all. I saw that Mr. Wynne never danced again, but stood with his back to the wall for the rest of the evening, looking as cross as two sticks. Very likely he would never

have given you a thought, if you had not been so plainly and openly banished: absence makes the heart grow fonder! Mrs. Harper put the idea into his head by making such a stupid fuss—and she has only herself to thank. He sent you those flowers, he came to our church, and Miss Selina took it all to herself—the ridiculous old cat! As if he would look at her! She closed on the flowers: much good may they do her!"

"Now, Flo, how do you know that they were not for her?" asked her companion with a smile. "But, don't let us talk about them. It is an old story."

"But I *will* talk about them," persisted Flo, angrily. "I'll talk about your nice green tailor-made, and your winter coat trimmed with fur, and your opera cloak, and your white dress—the white dress, which they took away from you!"

"Well, they had paid for them, you see," rejoined Madeline quietly. "I am glad they did take them—I owe them the less."

"Thank goodness your gloves and boots were too small," continued Flo, in a tone of fervent congratulation, "otherwise they would have gone also. They are rather different from the Harpers' chausseure, which is of the canal-boat type and size. Now I know what pedestrians mean when they talk of 'covering' miles of ground."

"Well, my dear excited Flo, they did not make their own feet," said the other coolly.

"How philosophical you are becoming! Quite an old head on young shoulders! Who made their tempers, I should be glad to know?—or their tongues? Thank goodness, this is my last half! Good-by to early rising, lectures, scoldings, resurrection pies, milk and water, and rice puddings. Good-by to Harperton—penitentiary and prison. Good-by to Harpies, and hurrah for home!"—throwing, as she spoke, a dictionary up to the ceiling; failing to catch which, it fell open, face downward, with a bang.

"That is May's dictionary, Flo," remonstrated the other. "You will not improve its poor back."

"If you stay here long, Madeline, you will certainly become just as preaching and particular as one of the Harpies themselves. You are tremendously sobered as it is. Who would think, to look at you darning away so industriously, that this time last year you were the queen and moving spirit of the school; always getting up charades, dances, and concerts, and carrying your point on every question, and figuratively snapping your fingers at the Harpies if they interfered with your schemes—which, to do them justice, was very seldom! Ah! my poor Madeline, since then what a change has come o'er the spirit of your dream! It is terrible. If you had always been a pupil-teacher it would be another matter, or if you had gone to another school, where no one knew that you had fallen from your high estate; but here, the scene of your triumphs, to make the descent to the very foot of the ladder, is—is frightful. I often wonder how you can bear it so well."

"I often wonder too," said Madeline shortly, winking her tears back with a great effort. "You are not going the best way to work to help me to endure my lot, Flo, raking up all these things. Bad or good, I must submit. I have no alternative—nowhere to go, until my father comes home. The best thing I can do is to be patient,

and try and repay the Harpers for some of the money they have expended on me."

"Repay them!" echoed Miss Blewitt, scornfully. "They made a very good thing out of you for nine years—large profits and quick returns. Now, although your father has not sent his usual remittance—is not that the word?—and they have heard that he is in business difficulties, yet I think they might have given you a little more law—a longer day. They might have exercised some patience. You have not heard of your father for more than a year, have you?" she added bluntly.

"No, not for sixteen months," answered the pupil-teacher.

"But even if he were dead," proceeded Flo, with a fine disregard of her friend's feelings, and an open defiance of the laws of good breeding, such as is occasionally to be found in girls of her age, "you could not honestly pretend to be very much cut up! You have not seen him since you were a small child. You left Australia when you were seven years old. He is a stranger to you."

"A stranger, certainly, in one way; but still he is my father, and I have a presentiment that we shall meet again, and before long," rolling up a pair of stockings as she spoke, and averting her eyes from her outspoken schoolfellow.

"Pooh! I don't believe in presentiments. I had a presentiment that father was going to give me a cart and cob last holidays, and it ended in smoke. If your father had been in the land of the living, surely you would have heard. I know I am saying this very baldly and plainly, but there is no use in beating about the bush—is there? You must face the position sooner or later."

"You mean the position of being an orphan?" said Madeline, tremulously. "But I refuse to accept that until I have not one grain of hope left. It is easy for you, who have your father and mother and five brothers at home, to talk in this way. Remember, I have only one relation in the world, and when I lose him I lose all."

"Well, all I can say is, that I hope your presentiment will turn out better than mine! Oh, here are the girls coming back!" she exclaimed peevishly, as a long file of figures appeared, passing the windows two and two. "What a bore they are! They seem to have only been out a quarter of an hour, and here they come marching in, disturbing our nice comfortable little talk."

Florence Blewitt, who so successfully practiced the art of plain speaking and trampling on other people's susceptibilities—people were welcome to trample on hers, she declared; she had none—was a short, squarely-built girl of sixteen, with a sharp nose, thick brown hair, intelligent gray eyes, and a very dark skin—a skin that betrayed no *soupeon* of foreign blood, but was, nevertheless, more brown than white. She was brusque, eccentric, clever, and indolent. Florence could—if she would—but she so seldom could. She preferred the ease of an undisturbed seat at the very bottom of the class to ambitious battlings and feverish strivings for the first place. She was the spoiled only daughter of a wealthy merchant and shipowner, and, being deferred to and made much of at home, was disposed to be both arbitrary and independent at school. Moreover, she was selfish, which is not a taking trait in a young woman's character, and was anything but a popular idol. She would borrow readily, but hated to lend; and the only thing with which she was generous was her advice; the sole present she was ever known to make was her opinion—gratis. Few were honored by her liking, and if she had a friend at Harperton, it was the girl who sat beside her, conscientiously mending a basketful of most hopeless looking stockings.

"I wonder what your fate will be, Maddie?" said Flo, staring at her meditatively, and study-

ing her delicate profile, her penciled eyebrows, her shining hair.

"I wonder, too," echoed Madeline, with a profound sigh.

Madeline West had been born in Melbourne, and sent home at the age of seven to Mrs. Harper's establishment, where she had remained for ten years. From a skinny, elf-like, wildly excitable child, she had grown up into an extremely pretty girl, with what the drawing-master termed "wonderful coloring." Her hair, eyebrows, and lashes were dark, her eyes two shades lighter, but it was in her complexion and the exquisite modeling of her head and features that her chief beauty lay. Her head was small, and beautifully set upon her shoulders; her skin was of creamy fairness, with a faint shade of carmine in her cheeks—a color so delicate that it went and came at a look or word. She was tall, slight, and wonderfully graceful; full of vivacity, activity, versatility and resource, ready to throw herself warmly into any scheme for amusement or mischief—that was to say, twelve months previously. She was by far the most striking-looking and admired of Mrs. Harper's forty boarders, and, notwithstanding this drawback to feminine good-will, was a great favorite with pupils, teachers, and servants. Her popularity had even survived that terrible test of altered circumstances—that dire fall from the wealthy Australian heiress to the unpaid slavey of the establishment. She changed, of course, her ringing laugh and her happy air; her merry repartee and snatches of songs had disappeared with the pretty frocks and hats and shoes which she had loved so well. She was developing a staid, grown-up manner, according to her fellow-pupils; she held back from their advances—abdicating of her own accord, and her place as queen of the school was filled, after a decent interregnum, by a rich Cockney, who was as lavish of her shillings as she was frugal in the matter of h's, and who, according to Flo Blewitt, was "a harmless, good-natured, vulgar, poor creature."

It must not be supposed that Madeline West did not keenly feel her altered position. Many a bitter tear she shed in secret; many a sleepless hour she lay awake, when all her companions—with only to-morrow's lessons on their minds—were slumbering peacefully in the arms of Morpheus. Every small indignity, every slighting speech and sharp glance entered as an iron into her soul, but she made no remonstrance or reply; her swiftly changing color was the sole index to her feelings, and what were a school-girl's—a pauper school-girl's—feelings to Mrs. Harper? To tell the truth, Madeline had never asserted herself even in her days of sunshine. She never could face an unpleasant situation; she put aside a crisis with a laugh or a gay word; her sensitive, luxurious nature shrank instinctively from all unpleasant things. She was a moral coward, though no one suspected it.

The present clouds on her sky had brought out, in an unexpected manner, unexpected depths in her character. Madeline, the humble semi-nursemaid, was an industrious, prudent, self-possessed person, who labored gravely, doggedly, from morning to night, a totally different girl to the extravagant, generous, easy-going Madeline, the butterfly who had fluttered the happy hours away for nine whole years. She was now at another seminary. Adversity is said to be an excellent school, and offers a fine test of character. Anomalous as it sounds, Madeline West had *risen* to the state of life into which she had *fallen*.

CHAPTER II

NO NEWS

THREE months had passed, and still no sign or token from Mr. Robert West. How anxiously his daughter's eyes followed Miss Selina's skinny

fingers, as they dealt out the letters every morning during breakfast time—these letters having previously been thoroughly turned over, examined, felt, and even *smelled*, by that lady and her relatives. It was always the same in answer to Madeline's unspoken appeal. "No, nothing for you, Madeline," or, "No letter yet, Miss West," according to the frame of mind in which Miss Selina found herself. And then Mrs. Harper, who was seated behind an immense copper tea apparatus, would peer round it, with her keen little eyes and bobbing gray curls, and shake her head at the pupil-teacher, in a manner which signified that she did not approve of her at all! As if poor Madeline was not sick with hope deferred, and wild with a frenzied desire to get away and never pass another night under that lady's roof-tree; only there was one big *but*, one immense drawback to her own most eager wishes, she had nowhere else to go.

The Misses Harper, who were fully alive to Madeline's value, were by no means equally anxious for her departure. She corrected exercises, ruled copy-books, relieved them of several distasteful duties, and took the little ones' music—an agonizing ordeal. She really did as much as any two paid teachers, and—an ecstatic fact—for nothing! Moreover, they had the delicious sensation that they were performing a charitable action all the time, and looked primly self-conscious and benevolent when their friends exclaimed: "How good of you, you dear, kind, Christian people, to keep that unfortunate Australian girl!"

Miss Selina, who was forty, with a complexion like that of a wax doll who has been left lying in the sun, would sigh softly and murmur the word "duty," when perhaps at that very moment the unfortunate Australian was fulfilling the least agreeable of hers—putting those fretful, ungovernable, sickly little Anglo-Indians to bed—and to sleep.

They were too young for school routine; spoiled, fractious, disobedient, and mischievous, they were Madeline's almost entire charge. Happy Madeline!

It is winter when we once more enter the schoolroom at Harperton, a bitterly cold day, and the small fire behind the wire screen does not half heat that great bare apartment, with its numerous doors and windows. Those at a distance are "out in the cold" indeed; for a double file of girls is gathered closely round the fender, talking four at a time, and making noise enough for a rookery. This is the half-hour after tea, and exclusively their own; they are indemnifying themselves for many hours of silence and French—which almost amounts to the same thing. Their speech is vigorous and unpolished, for no teacher is present except Madeline—if teacher she can be called. She is standing at a remote desk, mounting a drawing by the light of a cheap little hand-lamp. The gas is never turned on in the schoolroom until half-past six, because the twilight is so delightful (so economical they meant), quoth the thrifty Misses Harper.

The coals, which have been angrily stirred up, throw a good blaze, and reveal the faces and figures of the fire-worshippers assembled round the screen, especially the face and figure of Isabella Jones, the present reigning potentate. She has hitched herself up on the edge of the fire-guard, holding on there by the mantel-piece, and from this elevated position is dispensing law, wit, snubs, and patronage. She is very tall and thin, stoops a good deal, and is the proprietor of a tip-tilted nose, a pair of quick little brown eyes, and millions of freckles. She is also the proprietor of a quantity of pretty dresses, of unlimited pocket-money, a vast amount of self-esteem, and the largest and reddest hands in the room.

Mrs. Harper's seminary is only intended for the offspring of wealthy folk. Izzie's father has made his pile in margarine, and has desired that

his daughter may have the best of everything—every accomplishment, every extra, just like a duchess. Izzie has, accordingly, a separate bedroom, and lessons from the most expensive masters; nevertheless, she is far—oh! very far—from being like a duchess. Her education was begun too late; she is naturally dull.

"I say, girls," she is screaming sociably, "isn't it grand to think that in ten days more we shall all be at 'ome?"

"This day fortnight, where shall I be?
Not in this academe,
Eating scrape and drinking tea.
This day fortnight, where shall I be?"

She chanted in a sing-song voice, more or less through her nose.

"And there is the breaking-up dance," put in one of her satellites; "I don't want to go home till that is over."

"Gracious! I should hope not. What fun it will be," exclaimed Miss Jones. "I hope there will be lots of men this time. I 'inted as much to Miss Selina. What is the use of going to the expense of supper, and us all getting new dresses, just for the day boarders? That's what I say."

"What good, indeed!" put in Flo, sarcastically, as she elbowed her way to the very middle of the fire. "But pray do not make yourselves unhappy about the expense of the supper, my dear young friends. It will not concern us. I heard Mrs. Harper telling mademoiselle that they did not intend to have the girls in on this occasion, gobbling up the ices and confectionery like so many locusts."

"I did not know that locusts went in for confectionery," remarked Isabella, with a sniff of scorn.

"This marvelous discovery in natural history was Mrs. Harper's, not mine," said Flo, with swelling dignity. "However, the meaning is plain. We are not to sup. We are to 'ave'—mimicking her schoolfellow—"buns and egg-sandwiches 'anded round in the schoolroom, while the company are carousing downstairs."

The "take-off" was entirely lost on Isabella, who was far too much impressed with the intelligence to be alive to Flo's impertinence. A dead silence followed this disagreeable announcement, which was at length broken by Miss Jones, who, sliding from the top of the screen in the excitement of the moment, shrilly exclaimed:

"Well, I declare! I won't stand it! I shall tell Mrs. H. so to her face. Why, our parents pay for the supper! Locusts, indeed! My father pays handsomely for extras and everything, breaking-up party and all; and to be put off with a bun! I think I see myself—I just do! Why"—warming with her theme—"supper is 'alf the fun! There are the crackers and molasses and jokes, and every one taken down by a gentleman, arm-in-arm. I'll go to supper for one, and stay up to the last. I did not get my new pink dress just to dance with girls, and eat an egg sandwich and go to bed. *Rather not.* Leave it to me, girls"—looking round on her companions with an air of friendly encouragement—"I shall have a word with Miss Selina. We shall all go to supper, or Isabella Jones will know the reason why."

"Oh, you dear, good Izzy!" cried two voices simultaneously. And one continued, "You know you can do anything with Snappy, and if you ask, it will be all right. But about partners, I am afraid they will be few and far between; Snappy and Miss Harper keep the best for themselves and their friends. Anything is good enough for the girls. Last time I was thankful to dance all night with a little boy in a jacket; however, it was a shade better than sitting out."

"There are the Wolfertons," observed Flo, "and they generally bring two or three men. Last year there was Mr. Wynne, who was tre-

mendously struck with Madeline." Then raising her voice, "Maddie, do you remember Mr. Wynne? Come over here, and let us see if you are blushing."

"Mr. Wynne, Fred Wolferton's friend!" cried Isabella, with great animation. "He is a barrister, and, of course, without a penny to jingle on a milestone—poor as Job. My father don't approve of my getting to know these paupers. You know I'm an heiress"—giggling—"and father says—"

"Oh, never mind your father!" broke in Flo, rudely. "You need not be alarmed; Mr. Wynne won't look at you as long as Madeline is in the room—and perhaps he may not come. Who else are invited—the Sangsters, the Wallers, the Rays?"

"All common sort of people," remarked the granddaughter of a baron. "Very worthy in their way, and well enough for a girls' school breaking up; but I should not dream of knowing them at home, or of bowing if I met them anywhere;" and she threw up her chin, and looked about her superciliously.

No one combated this dire announcement; they were all a little in awe of Miss De Ville and her ancestors—especially of the one who had fought in Palestine—and they were silent and impressed, being young. At length a word was whispered, which quickly set every tongue wagging. That magic word was "dress." What were they all going to wear? One lacked new shoes, another gloves; a fan was lent—in prospect—in return for good offices in the hair-dressing line. Amid this gabble Isabella's piercing voice was heard high and shrill above all, describing the body of her new pink dress. Madeline had joined the crowd, looking white and cold—and no wonder.

"Keep away your fingers, my dear, if they are sticky," said Flo; "and, by the way, what are you going to adorn yourself in? Your white dress was taken by the Harpies, as most unsuitable to you now."

"I have nothing but my black cashmere," she returned, "and this"—holding out a shabby serge sleeve.

"They really must give you something!" cried Isabella, impressively, "if only for the look of the thing. For the credit of the establishment, they can't have you appear like an old rag-picker." Madeline colored vividly. "I don't mind giving you a dress myself, if you will take it."

"Now, I call that a French compliment, Isabella Jones," remarked Flo, with her usual candor, "and you know it. If Madeline has to wear the old black, so much the worse; but, whatever she wears, she will always look a—*lady*," accompanying the remark with a glance at Miss Jones that gave it point and significance, and made that young person feel that it would be a pleasure to take the big ink-bottle off the chimney-piece and fling it at Florence Blewitt's solid, square-looking head.

"You need not trouble about my dress, Flo, nor need I," said Madeline, trying to find room on the top of the screen for her benumbed fingers. "Miss Selina told me this morning to practice up my dance music. I am to play—"

"Oh, what a shame!" chorused half-a-dozen voices. "Saving the usual piano-player, and a guinea—the skinflints!"

But human nature is human nature, and not a few of these fair creatures felt a conviction that Madeline and her pretty face were best at the piano—turned toward the wall—and that it was only fair to give others a chance, meaning their sweet, unsophisticated selves. They had a very distinct vision of the benefit that would accrue to them as a result of this economical arrangement on the part of the Harpers.

"But what will Mr. Wynne do?" inquired Miss De Ville, with the corners of her mouth drawn down.

She was a tall, pale, sandy-haired girl, with white lashes and a scornful countenance. Madeline's eyes flashed. She was on the point of answering, but the words were taken out of her mouth by Flo, who replied:

"He will dance with you instead, my dear."

"You know we are not allowed to talk about gentlemen," put in a prim girl, with very prominent teeth and a painfully stiff white collar.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Isabella. "I'll talk of whom I please, from the old gentleman upward. I'll talk of Mr. Wynne, Mr. Wolferton, Mr. Lancy, Mr. Sangster, Mr. Summers, Mr. Fer-raby, Mr. Armstrong—"

"*Young ladies!*" said an awful voice that made them all start, and fall away from the fender like a flock of frightened sheep. "What vulgarity is *this*? How often have I told you that I highly disapprove of such conversation! It will come to this, I see"—looking severely around—"you will have no half-hour after tea if you cannot be trusted. I am exceedingly displeased and shocked, especially"—seizing on her scapegoat—"with you, Madeline West. You are old enough to know better, and to have some influence; and to find you in the very middle of all this unladylike chatter, discussing gentlemen, is really too odious. A girl in your position might have a *little* decency and self-respect. I am extremely disgusted with you. Now go; it is quite time the little Smiths were in bed. How is it that you have always to be reminded of your duties?" she concluded venomously.

Madeline opened her mouth to speak.

"No answer; you know the rule. Now, young ladies, light the gas, and get to your work."

A great commotion and bustle ensued. Exit Madeline, trying vainly to keep back her tears, and with a burning sense of injustice in her breast. Indeed, for once, she forgot herself, and slammed the door—not violently, but still with a decided touch of temper. It was a foolish impulse, foolishly indulged.

She was called back, and imperatively desired to "remember who she was, and to walk out of the room quietly, and close the door after her in a ladylike and becoming manner."

So even this slight safety-valve for her feelings was denied to her, and she left the apartment for a second time completely crushed.

CHAPTER III

THE BREAKING-UP DANCE

THE great day of breaking-up dawned at last. What preparations were made! A cartload of hired chairs for the company was the first arrival; then a consignment of glass and crockery, baskets of hot-house flowers from the friends of wealthy pupils, and finally, in a confectioner's van—the *supper*! Mrs. Harper, her cap askew, her curls bristling, was nearly crazy with excitement and fuss. The Misses Harper were busy, important, and dangerous to accost. The girls, from an early tea, had retired upstairs to indulge in the next best amusement to dancing—dressing. Oh, with what leisurely enjoyment were heads tired, white dresses donned, and gloves drawn on! How often was the following artful query put with an artless air:

"You are looking awfully nice, dear! Now, tell me candidly, what do you think of me?"

Madeline had no trouble with her toilet. The black high-necked day-gown, with a white fichu and lace ruffles, was all the embellishment within her power; but she was in much request, and very busy dressing and decorating her more fortunate schoolfellows. The bell rang. Down they all trooped, conscious, conceited, coquettish, or careless, and filed past Miss Selina, who held a full-dress inspection in the hall—Miss Selina, whose face was flushed to the hue of her new crimson silk, flushed to a shade that set pearl

powder at defiance, and scorned the application of Rowland's Kalydor. The young ladies passed muster creditably—with some few exceptions, such as "Minnie, your dress is too short;" "Fanny, those flowers are frightful!" "Joce-lyn, where did you get such horrible gloves?" The bevy of fair creatures passed into the school-room, where, on a raised platform, were seats for the chorus, two pianos, a harmonium—in short, all the preparations for a concert, the one drawback to the young ladies' absolute felicity—that is to say, those young ladies who were compelled to perform, and who now awaited the audience in a kind of cold shiver, with clammy hands and quickly pulsing hearts. Presently Herr Kroot arrived in elaborate evening dress, frilled shirt, white gloves, and an immense accession of dignity, and talked and scolded, commanded and encouraged, his miserable pupils. Much as they dreaded the audience, they were trebly afraid of him, and dared not break down with his eye upon them, his hand turning over the leaves, his low "counting" in their ears. The large room filled soon, and filled fast, with day boarders, their friends, parents, a few outsiders, and the Misses Harper's own circle—chiefly clerical. There was quite a notable sprinkling of the sterner sex, for Mrs. Harper's establishment was reported to include some beauties. Very nice, indeed, the young people looked from the body of the concert hall, so young and fresh and fair in their simple white dresses, with their downcast eyes—that noted everything all the same. Among other facts, they noted the arrival of all the Wolfertons and Mr. Wynne, whose presence on the occasion Miss Selina attributed solely to her own attractions. She was fourteen years older than him, but what of that? He was old for his age, and she was young for hers. She flattered herself that in a becoming dress, by lamplight, or behind a spotted veil, she did not look a day more than seven-and-twenty. By all accounts Mr. Wynne was a briefless barrister (but then Selina's share of the family stocking was by no means contemptible), he had the reputation of being clever, and would "get on" of course. The Wolfertons declared that he was highly thought of as a rising man, and of fine old family—but poor. Strange that he should come to the breaking-up this year, too—"made quite a point of it," Amy Wolferton had whispered, and Amy had looked as if she would have liked to have added more.

As he pressed her hand, and she glanced at him from under her scanty eyelashes, a delicious conviction assured Miss Selina that he had not forgotten her—their charming walk from church, or the little picnic party, at which he had sat beside her, and when the second supply of plates had failed, and with regard to the remains of some cold chicken, said in the most marked manner, "Miss Selina, will you permit me to lay my bones beside yours?" What was this but a proposal? Certainly in a novel form, unquestionably it meant that they would share the same grave. It was a distinct invitation to the family vault of the blue-blooded Wynnes. How agreeable he was—these barristers always were! How good-looking! What a contrast to Mr. Murphy, the red-haired Irish curate, on whom, with his loud, rich brogue, her sister Letitia had built her hopes matrimonial (N.B. and it had been building on a quicksand), casting a contemptuous glance at the well-oiled red head to her left.

These complacent reflections were chasing each other through the good lady's brain as she sat in the attitude of solicitous attention during the opening cantata. A shrewd, keen, calculating woman with regard to every-day matters, such as school accounts, butchers' bills, extras, and with a lynx eye for the failings and shortcomings of her flock, but where vanity whispered, and a possible (or impossible) husband loomed on her horizon, Miss Selina was a completely different

character, and an absolute fool, as giddy, as credulous, as feather-headed as any of the young ladies meekly facing her behind these sheets of music—nay, worse, for has not every one heard the proverb—"There is no fool like an old one?" Far-seeing, crafty girls were clever enough to discover Miss Selina's weak side, and to use their discovery to their own advantage. They plied her with compliments, ludicrously inappropriate. They called her "their own beautiful Miss Selina," hinted that she had only to come, to be seen, and to conquer, etc.; the result being that these wise young virgins were frequently invited to tea in the drawing-room, to supper in Mrs. Harper's own private refectory, were taken to concerts, were "let off" on various occasions, and laughed at "Old Selina" (or Snappy) in their sleeve; called her a ridiculous goose, as ugly as sin, and as vain as a peacock.

It is necessary to reveal the younger Miss Harper in her true colors in order to explain how a woman in her position could imagine for a moment that a young man would fall in love with her elderly charms, in spite of the overwhelming advantages possessed by at least twenty young rivals—her own pupils. She had long regarded the girls *en masse* as her natural enemies, not as pretty creatures of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, with bright eyes, brilliant complexions, and angelic dispositions! She ticketed them in her own mind as disagreeable female children, with loud voices, voracious appetites, and sly ways. Nevertheless, she was reluctantly aware that Madeline could be no longer considered a child, that some people considered her appearance pleasing! She stared hard at her now, where her black dress made a sort of blot among the snowy gowns of the first trebles. What a color! was she rouged? She looked just like a doll. Doll or no doll, Miss Selina made a mental note that she should not be of the happy band who were going into supper. She might be getting ideas into her mind—foolish ideas. People perhaps would notice her, as they had done last year, and turn her giddy head. The cantata came to a satisfactory conclusion. A fierce, tempestuous bravura, performed with desperate energy by a long-fingered young lady, succeeded it. Poor girl! she was trembling with terror as she sat down. What with the audience before her, and Herr Kroot behind her, she occupied the proverbial situation of being between the devil and the deep sea, and played with a courage that was absolutely reckless.

The bravura was followed by a duet, the duet by a violin solo, then one or two songs. With regard to the last of these, the miserable performer found her feelings quite too overpowering, and after some gurgling in the throat, and sniffing in her handkerchief, she collapsed into floods of tears, and was briskly hustled into the background and hidden behind the others, while, at a moment's notice, Madeline West was commanded to take her place and step into the gap.

Poor Madeline! It had not been intended that she should perform. She had no friends among the audience; no complacent relations to clap their hands and look proud and important. When the last words of "A Finland Love Song" had died away in silence—a silence caused by surprise and emotion—there was a pause of a full minute, and then a tremendous hurricane of applause burst forth. Ladies winked away unaccustomed tears, and clapped in a manner that was trying to their new ten-button gloves; their hearts were moved for the moment; some chord had been touched by that fresh young voice, by those sympathetic words, a chord that vibrated, and woke up old memories of the days when *they* were young—those days so sad, so sweet, that were no more.

The men encored tumultuously, not only because the singer had a lovely voice, and sang from her very heart, but—oh, well, because men

will be men, and because the girl in black was uncommonly pretty. "Auld Robin Gray" was vociferously commanded, but the fair vocalist was adamant; she only curtsied timidly, and curtsied again. No one but herself had seen Miss Selina's emphatic shake of the head, as she met her cold gray eye in that "little look across the crowd." No, there was to be no encore.

After the concert, the room was cleared for dancing, and Madeline took up her post at the best (the drawing-room) piano and played first a set of lancers, to set every one going, and to polish off the dowagers and duty dances, and then a waltz—and yet another waltz. It was very dull work for her. She was placed with her back to the company, and could neither see nor be seen—which was precisely what Miss Selina had intended; but the pretty singer was not to be so easily concealed. More than one would-be partner vainly begged for an introduction. More than one crafty young man pleaded *fatigue*, and halted long in the neighborhood of the piano, where he could obtain a good view of the charming *pianiste*. After the third waltz, played by Madeline's weary fingers, Mr. Wynne approached, and said, as she stood up selecting the next piece on the programme—

"Miss West, we have all to thank you for your capital playing," holding out his hand as he spoke. "And now I hope you will give me the pleasure of this dance?" She touched his hand timidly, and shook her head. "Oh! I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, with a quick glance at her black dress. "Let me, at least, take you to the tea-room. You must want some refreshment after your exertions."

"No, thank you very much," she answered, once more seating herself at the instrument. "I have had my tea!"

"You don't mean to say that you are going to play again?" he asked, in a tone of indignant astonishment.

"Yes, I am going to play all the evening," she replied, turning over the leaves and finding the place, with a considerably heightened color.

"But last year you danced all the evening. What does it mean?"

"It means, Mr. Wynne, that I was then one of the boarders; now, I am only a pupil-teacher. Circumstances are changed; it is my duty to play—and," faltering slightly, "I like it."

"I find it difficult to believe that, Miss West," he exclaimed; "but I suppose I must endeavor to do so. Will you permit me to turn over the leaves?"

"No, no!" she protested eagerly; "on no account. You must dance."

"Je n'en vois pas la necessite," he quoted, seating himself deliberately as he spoke. "I am afraid you have lost a relative," he continued, in a lower voice. "Your father?"

"I have in one sense," now striking up another waltz. "My father has not been heard of for a whole year and a half. When last he wrote he had lost a great deal of money. He was always a speculator. He has never written since—" She paused expressively.

"And have you no friend or relation in this country?"

"No, none that I have any claim upon. I have been at school here since I was seven years old."

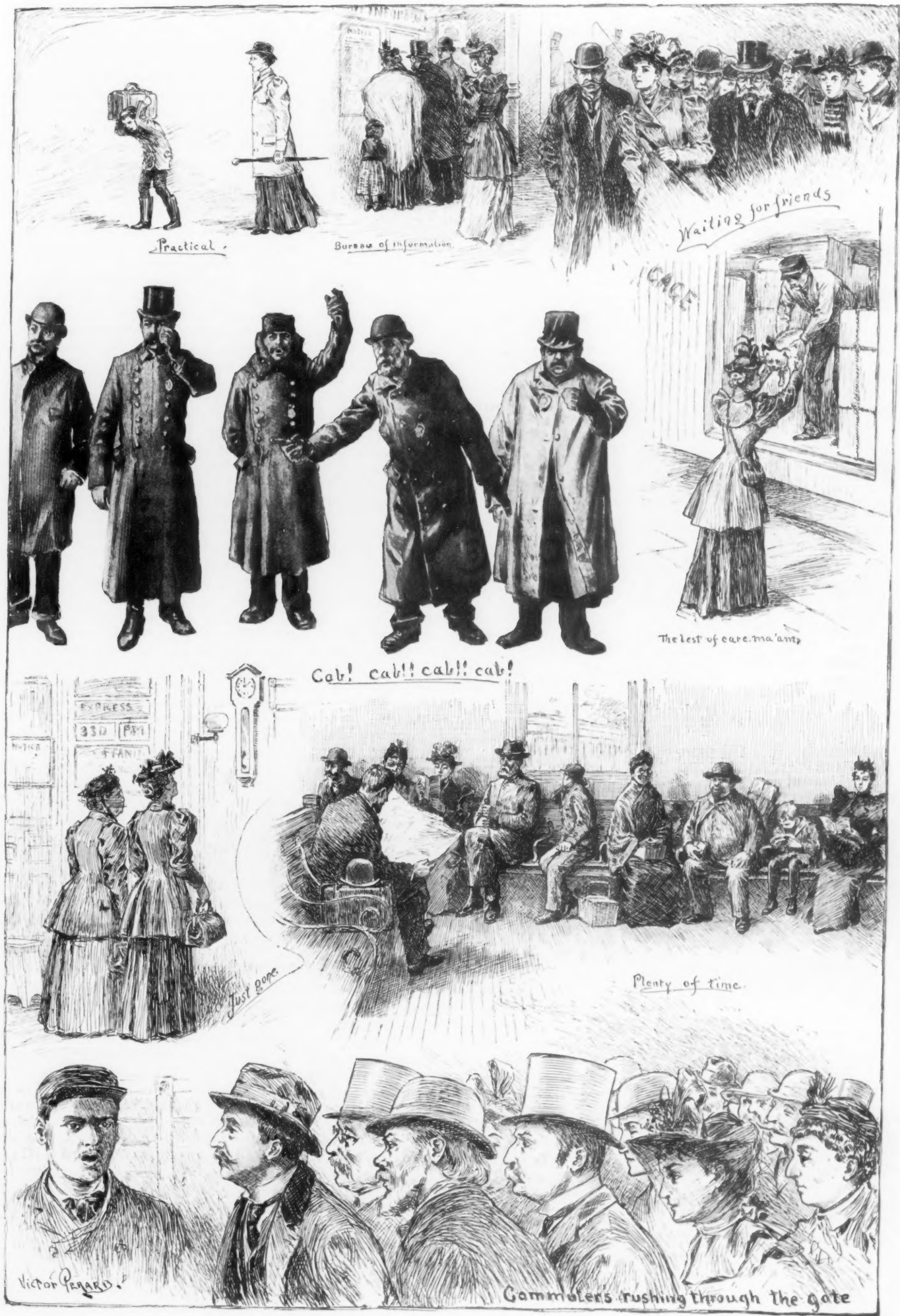
"And, good heavens! you don't mean to tell me that you have no resource but to remain on here as pupil-teacher?"

"No other. You see I have no home in this country. I had one long ago in Melbourne—the only one I ever knew."

"Do you remember it?" he asked rather abstractedly.

"Yes, I remember the big white house and the bright, sunny climate."

"Has your father never come home to see you all these years?"



CHARACTER SKETCHES AT THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

"Never! I'm afraid—I'm afraid—" She paused, unable to articulate, but her fingers still played steadily on.

"I'm afraid," he said in a low voice, bending forward, "that you are not happy here," contrasting rapidly in his own mind the brilliant figure she had made last year, as the belle of the evening, the cynosure of all eyes, to what she now appeared, the poor piano-playing drudge, not so much as rewarded with a "thank you," and dressed in a gown that even *he* could see was shabby and old-fashioned.

"Oh, Mr. Wynne!" said a sprightly staccato voice at his elbow. "Oh! you naughty man! Why are you not dancing? Come away; I cannot have you distracting Miss West's attention, you dreadful person! We are going to have another set of lancers, and you shall be *my* partner."

With this heavy bribe, he was summarily detached from his post by the piano, and carried off by the triumphant Miss Selina (swearing to himself, despite a smiling countenance). Madeline played and played, until she felt that her fingers had no feeling, and were just as stiff and mechanical as the teeth in a musical-box. At length supper released her. She stood up, half expectant, as the others flocked past two and two, each happy girl provided with a cavalier—beaming, giggling, blushing, as the case might be! While she waited, a bony, much-beringed hand was laid heavily upon her shoulder, and she beheld Miss Selina, who had arrested Mr. Wynne.

"Madeline, my dear," she whispered, "I am sorry there is no room for you. I'll send you out a sandwich, or something." And then she passed on, leaving poor Madeline alone in that big empty room, with a lump in her throat and tears in her eyes.

Miss West was occasionally foolish enough to cut off her nose to spite her face, and she indignantly declined the subsequent sandwich brought in on a plate by the sympathetic parlor-maid, who vowed "it was a shame," but met with no encouragement to relieve her mind further on the subject.

Madeline knew that she dared not go to bed. She had still to play—"it was in the bond." So she had not even that small comfort; nor might she, as yet, indulge herself in the further luxury of a thoroughly good cry.

"What a difference money makes!" she said to herself bitterly. "What a contrast between this night and last year! Who would have believed—I, least of all—that that night twelve months I should be sitting here alone? However, I don't suppose," she added, half aloud, with a catch in her voice, "that any one misses me."

In this supposition she was wrong. Many people missed the girl in black, who had sung the song of the concert, who had played unremittingly all the evening, and who had such a shabby dress, and such a sweetly pretty face!

Not a few of Mrs. Harper's guests, who were eating her good things and sipping her champagne, were registering a black mark against her all the same, and thinking that they would be sorry if any friend of *theirs* had to fill the post of her present "pupil-teacher."

Mr. Wynne dissembled—as they used to say in good old melodramas—and was most agreeable to his partner, Miss Selina, but inwardly he was raging. With professional cleverness he drew her out, and cross-examined her with regard to Miss West, and she—her tongue unloosened by two glasses of champagne, her vanity stimulated by his attentions (to her plate)—was completely off her guard, and as easily turned inside-out as any quaking witness at the Old Bailey.

She expounded eloquently on Mr. West's enormities, the vast sums expended on his daughter, the fact that "but for them she would be friend-

less and homeless—probably begging from door to door. The wretched swindler was dead, the girl had no relatives or friends, and only for their charity—" Here she paused impressively, expecting Mr. Wynne to fill up the blank, with some neat and appropriate speech; but, for once, she was doomed to disappointment.

"Only for your charity she would be a governess, would she not?" he remarked carelessly. "With such musical talents she is sure of a lucrative situation—a hundred or so a year. But, of course, under *your* roof she has all that she can wish for—a happy home, among her old companions—and any one can see with half an eye that Mrs. Harper is a mother to her," he concluded with immovable features.

Miss Selina started and became of a yet richer shade of crimson. This idea of a governess, at one hundred pounds a year, was something entirely novel. The girl was clever and accomplished! Was Mr. Wynne speaking ironically, when he alluded to a mother's care and a happy home? Impossible! his face was as unmoved, his eyes as smiling, his manner as sociable and friendly as usual. It was a wild, foolish idea, and she immediately dismissed it from her mind, and plunged into a discussion on platonic friendships—and a second helping of a most excellent truffle.

Mr. Wynne managed to have a few words with Mrs. Wolferton after supper. He stated his case concisely, pointed out Miss West, and strongly commended her to the kind lady's notice. Mrs. Wolferton was the mother of Fred (Mr. Wynne's schoolfellow, college friend, and chum), and was very fond of Laurence, whom she had known from the time when he was an audacious boy in jacket upward. As she listened to the sorry history of pretty Miss West, her motherly heart was touched, and she immediately begged to be introduced to her.

"Remembered her well," she declared, "from last year. Hoped she would come and see her during the holidays." And, finally, being a woman who believed in deeds as well as words, took off her gloves, removed a jingling bracelet, and seated herself at the piano for the remainder of the night, in spite of Mrs. Harper's horrified face and excited expostulations, saying pleasantly to Madeline, "Now, my dear, my dancing days are over; yours are just beginning. Go and dance, Laurence; Miss West has not danced a step this evening."

The hint was superfluous. Already Laurence and Miss West were at the other end of the room, and already a very portentous frown had settled deep on Miss Selina's brow; but it availed nothing. The two offenders were dauntless.

Mr. Wynne was a capital partner. He introduced Madeline to various others, who voted the girl in black quite the prettiest they had seen for months, and who were the more eager to make her acquaintance, and to dance with her, from seeing that their attentions were palpably displeasing to the Harper family. Madeline danced until the end of the evening, although Miss Selina had hissed into her ear, as she stood near her, "You are a bold, pushing, unladylike girl."

She knew she would have to pay dearly for these present delights on the morrow, and was resolved to drain the cup of pleasure—yes, to the very dregs! She looked supremely lovely, if slightly defiant; the exercise of dancing had made her eyes brighter, her color deeper. Mr. Wynne told himself that she was the prettiest—ay, and the nicest—girl he had ever met in the whole course of his life; but he must not lose his head—no, a briefless barrister could not afford to fall in love with a penniless pupil-teacher!

CHAPTER IV

THE LAST TRAIN

THE holidays commenced. The young ladies went north, south, east, and west, to their several homes, and Madeline had the whole big school-room, and the much-disputed fire, absolutely to herself. She was monarch of all she surveyed, but she was nearly as lonely as Robinson Crusoe on the desert island. The Misses Harper were not covetous of her company; nor was she ever bidden to the friendly luncheons or the merry little suppers which repeatedly took place. She, on these occasions, enjoyed (?) a plate of cold meat, or bread and butter, and a glass of water in the privacy of the schoolroom. There was no necessity, the Misses Harper averred, to introduce her to their friends. It would be a mistake to spoil her; she was quite concealed enough. But Mrs. Wolferton had no such scruples: she called, she wrote, she persevered, she carried her point. She insisted on having Miss West to spend an occasional day with her. What a contrast to the schoolroom at Harperton House that dainty drawing-room, with its mirrors, pictures, easy-chairs, Persian carpets, exotic flowers, and genial Mrs. Wolferton knitting and talking and begging her "to make herself at home." Then there was a tempting luncheon, a drive, a sociable dinner—which included Fred Wolferton, Mr. Wynne, and one or two others—finally, music and round games, in the midst of which would come the disagreeable announcement—"A servant for Miss West, if you please." Fred Wolferton and Mr. Wynne invariably escorted her home all the same, leaving her on Mrs. Harper's spotless doorstep; but not coming in, nor making any move in that direction—as Miss Selina angrily remarked from behind the drawing-room blind. Miss Selina had become very "cold" in her manner to Madeline—in fact, she was more than cold: she was actually and actively hostile—and glared at the unlucky pupil-teacher as if she were some kind of poisonous domestic reptile she had nourished in her bosom. Mrs. Wolferton's praise, Mrs. Wolferton's partiality for Miss West, did not please her; but, happily, the old lady was going away to the south of France to escape the east winds, and when she returned she would probably have forgotten her passing fancy! Miss Selina was good enough to judge others by her own standard.

One day there came tickets for the Theater Royal at Riverside, for Mrs. and the Misses Harper, and Miss West; with Mr. Fred Wolferton's compliments. He had not left home—and Mr. Wynne was still his guest.

"To go, or not to go!" that was a question which was debated with great spirit in Mrs. Harper's own bedroom. They were only too willing to accept with pleasure; but what about that girl—*must* they take her also? There was no other alternative. If she had only a slight cold, or even a sty on her eye; but, unfortunately, she was never better in her life. They had no excuse beyond their own disinclination; go she must. Very grudgingly they broke the news to Madeline, as she sat over a slacked-down fire in the schoolroom, dividing her thoughts between a child's story-book and Mr. Wynne—needless to ask which had the largest share. She could not help thinking a good deal of Mr. Wynne. It was wrong, it was foolish! Miss Selina would have declared that it was indelicate! Probably he never gave her a second thought. Her cheeks grew hot at the idea; but an inward voice whispered another tale. If he did not think of her, why did he always monopolize her at Mrs. Wolferton's, usurping Fred's place at the piano, why sit beside her at cards? Why had he begged permission to keep a flower? Why had he hinted that only for his poverty he would marry—or, at least, ask some girl to marry him—a girl who

had no home? Who could that be? Dare she breathe, even to her inmost soul, that the girl's name was Madeline West? If he had not thought of her, why did he tell her so much about himself, his dead father and mother, his rich, high, and mighty relations: relations who looked upon empty pockets as a crime; but who patronized him, asked him to dinner, and hinted that if he were to place himself on the cotton or soap markets, where heiresses were plentiful, he might, on the strength of his connections and his pedigree, secure one of these young ladies, and perhaps fifty thousand pounds!

But these suggestions he had not taken in good part, quite between ourselves; and, equally between ourselves, he asked himself what his grand relations would say if they knew he was head-over-ears in love with a pretty little pupil-teacher—a perfect lady, certainly, and not unworthy to bear the name of Wynne, but absolutely without sixpence? The poor child liked him, too—he was sure of it. He could not offer her a decent home—could not presume to suppose that what was barely sufficient for one would afford a comfortable maintenance for two. Best leave her, if he could, in maiden meditation fancy free—leave her for some luckier fellow, leave his heart in her unconscious keeping. This visit to the theater was to be positively the last meeting he would allow himself; and then for his dismal, solitary old chambers in the Temple, and work. Plenty of work is an excellent and healing medicine for any affection of a sentimental nature, so he had read, so he had been assured, and now he was about to test its efficacy.

The great evening came. With hot and trembling fingers Madeline made her modest toilet, donned her hat and cape, and awaited the rest of the party in the hall in a state of feverish suspense. She had rarely been inside a theater in her life, and her heart was fluttering with happy anticipation. What a night this would be to look back upon! Henry Irving she had often longed to see, and now she was going to witness "The Lyons Mail" in company with Mr. Wynne. Oh, it was too much pleasure to be squeezed into one evening. If it could but be spread over three or four days, instead of being all compressed into two or three hours!

"Madeline!" said a sharp voice, that startled her from her delightful meditations, "just come into the drawing-room for a moment. I wish to speak to you!" leading the way into that dull apartment, lighted at present by one dim gas-burner, and innocent of such extravagance as a fire. "I wish to speak to you," seriously repeated Miss Selina, "about the preposterous way you are going on with Mr. Wynne! You are really quite shameless!"

"What have I done, Miss Selina? What do you mean?" she asked, breathless with horror.

"What have you *not* done? Flirted with him, run after him to Mrs. Wolferton's, made yourself the talk of the whole place. Even the very *servants* have remarked it. Don't imagine for one moment that he thinks of you as anything but a silly chit of a schoolgirl, who is head-over-ears in love with him, and whom he finds it amusing to draw out, and laugh at afterward with Mr. Fred Wolferton."

"Miss Selina!" cried Madeline, stung to the quick, turning white as death, and grasping the back of a chair for support, as she stammered passionately. "How dare you? How dare you say such things? You know they are not true. I went to Mrs. Wolferton's because she was kind—because she asked me. I never ran after Mr. Wynne—never!"

"And pray what are you doing to-night?" with grim, ironical interrogation.

"If you think that I am running after him in going to the theater, I can easily remain at home. I"—(oh, what a wrench was this! but her pride was roused)—"will stay at home," removing her

hat as she spoke. "The matter is easily settled."

Not so easily as she supposed, for at this moment the sound of loud, cheery, masculine voices in the hall broke in upon them. The door was flung wide; enter Fred Wolferton, Mr. Murphy—(hush! you must not tell the bishop!) an elderly escort for Mrs. Harper; last, not least, Mr. Wynne. And although Madeline, with considerable embarrassment, firmly and positively assured every one that "she was not going," as she could offer no sane reason for her sudden announcement, and was unquestionably dressed for the theater, public opinion and public clamor carried the day.

She replaced her hat, in answer to an impatient signal from Miss Selina, and went; but the gilt had been removed from the gingerbread, and all the way in the train—they were ten miles from Riverside—she was pale and silent, and pointedly avoided Mr. Wynne, to Miss Selina's great content. However, Mr. Wynne declined to be avoided. He ignored Miss Selina's hints, and the vacant place next to her, which she patted invitingly, as much as to say, "Come and sit here, and be happy!" and seated himself at the other side of Madeline, whose eyes were straying over the theater, and who, once the overture commenced, began to realize that she was enjoying herself extremely, and would not allow Miss Selina's dreadful insinuations to spoil her whole evening.

Miss Selina, with tightly compressed lips and an angry glare in her little gray eyes, was aware that she had been publicly slighted. What is that line about "A woman scorned?" She felt capable of anything. Her rage against Mr. Wynne was as hot and as consuming as her bitter jealousy of Madeline West. Well, they should suffer for their intolerable behavior, as she called it, meaning the simple fact of their sitting together, talking with much animation between the acts, and looking supremely happy. Yes, her feelings must have immediate relief. She would find a way to punish them; and, as she sat silent, her eyes fixed upon the drop scene, she was revolving a portentous plan in her own mind—a scheme that would rid her of her expupil, and avenge her on the rising barrister by one swift blow—a scheme that would not be for the benefit of the smiling young couple—no, quite the reverse.

The orchestra was playing a wild Polish dance, its burden full of sadness, despair, and weird, fantastic chords at one period; at another gayly frolicsome, and full of outbursts of mad mirth—an air that exercised a strange influence upon them, especially on Madeline, in her present state of highly strung nerves and repressed mental excitement. She drank in that wild melody; it haunted her as long as she lived. When heard among other scenes, it always recalled this night—this momentous night, the very crisis of her existence. She gazed at the stage, at the big, red, mysterious curtain, the bent figures in the orchestra, the florally ornamented theater, the gay company, with fans and opera-glasses, and asked herself, "Was it all real?"

At last the play was over; the actors had been called before the footlights and vociferously applauded, and had bowed themselves away. And now people began to move, to look about for cloaks and wraps and overcoats, and to hurry off, as if the place was on fire! The crowd was great. Outside it was snowing hard, and inside the crush was almost suffocating.

"I'll look after you, Miss West," said Mr. Wynne, eagerly, as they found a footing in the passage among hundreds of the recent audience.

"Very well. Be sure you *do*!" put in Miss Selina, with unwonted briskness. "We are certain to get separated. Look here, Madeline"—lowering her voice suddenly—"meet us at the bottom of the station steps. You know the

place. Mind you are not late; it's the last train!"

And with this injunction on her lips, she was borne away in the crowd, in her smart, pink opera mantle—once the property of the rich Miss West—and soon lost to sight.

"Let us wait until the rush is over, and take it quietly," said Wynne, struggling vainly to look at his watch. "We will get a hansom, and be at the station in no time—before them, ten to one—for they are a large party."

Inwardly he marveled at Miss Selina's arrangement. He was not aware that she had her reasons—well-thought-out plans—and he was too well satisfied to question the matter. After a little, when the crush had lessened, he made his way down to the portico, secured a hansom, and drove with his charge to the place of rendezvous, the foot of the steps—a covered entry, luckily, for the snow was falling thick and fast. They waited—it was bitterly cold—a chill little wind rose, and sobbed and wailed round them. Five minutes, and no one came to meet them. Ten minutes! still no one, and the hurrying crowd that had passed up had now entirely ceased.

"I hope they have not come to grief!" said Wynne. And, suddenly looking at his watch, he added, "I'll tell you what—we can't wait any longer, or we will miss our train. We must run for it as it is," springing quickly up the steps.

Too late! Too late! The red light of the last train to Streambridge was just disappearing into the big tunnel. What was to be done? He stood for a moment irresolute. Yes; it was the last train, and it was gone. A cab was the first idea. Leaving Madeline, who was benumbed with waiting, and a good deal frightened, he hurried to the cab-rank. It was empty and void. He waylaid a passing cabby, and told him the state of the case.

"Ten miles in deep snow! Couldn't be done, sir, at no price."

The same story was repeated elsewhere. There was nothing for it but to go back to Madeline, who was now shivering over the dying fire in the ladies' waiting-room.

"Well?" she asked, raising her face expectantly.

"No cab to be had," he rejoined, with assumed sangfroid.

"No cab to be had!" she repeated, her eyes darkening and dilating with horror. "Oh, Mr. Wynne, can we walk?" Mad project!

"No. I fancy the best thing will be to stop here all night—I mean at the Railway Hotel—and go on by the first train in the morning. I will go to the landlady and ask her to look after you, and I will find quarters elsewhere. It will be all right," he continued reassuringly. "Are you certain that Miss Selina said the *foot* of the steps?" he asked, as if struck by an after-thought.

"Yes; quite certain," resolutely.

"Here!" he called to a sleepy porter. "Did you see a party looking for people by the last train—three ladies and three gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir; stout old party and two elderly ladies"—(oh, ye gods! if the Misses Harper had heard him!)—"three gents. They came by the West Street entrance; they *did* seem looking—that is, the gents was—but one of the ladies said you were all right, and bundled the whole pack into a carriage. She seemed in a terrible flurry."

"Well, we can do no good by waiting here," said Wynne, at length. "Come along, there is nothing to be frightened at, Miss West." (Miss West was crying quietly, and very much alarmed indeed.) "You will be back in time for breakfast. It was all an accident—a misunderstanding, and if there is any one to blame, or to be blamed, you must blame *me*."

(Continued on page 18.)



"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."—PUPILS IN A CONVENT



CONVENT SCHOOL WATCHING PUNCH AND JUDY.

"I know they will be awfully angry," said Madeline, turning her white face to his. "I don't know *what* they will say!"

"Not angry, when I have explained everything to their entire satisfaction. I will go security that you will not get into any trouble. I will see Mrs. Harper myself."

And, really, half an hour later, as Madeline sat with her feet on the fender of a luxurious bedroom in the Railway Hotel—a magnificent apartment to her benighted eyes—with a hot coal fire before her and a cup of steaming coffee in her hand, she began to cheer up, and to take a brighter view of the situation. What harm was it, after all? Missing a train—nothing so very dreadful. She would only get a scolding at the worst. Alas! she was but too well accustomed to scoldings!

But Laurence Wynne, as he fought his way to another hotel through the soft, spongy snow, with the collar of his coat turned up, and his head bent against the stinging sleet, looked graver than he had done when he was talking to his late companion. It was an exceedingly awkward business, and he had an uncomfortable conviction that Miss Selina was at the bottom of the situation. She had sent them to one entrance, and arrived at the other herself; had requested them to wait—and miss the train. There had been an expression in her eye that was distinctly hostile, as he had suddenly encountered it over the top of her fan. Selina Harper meant mischief—had laid a neat little trap into which he had artlessly tumbled. "However," he said to himself, as he entered the coffee-room of a palatial hotel, "half the evils in the world are those which have never happened. No doubt the worst of the adventure would merely resolve itself into a bad quarter of an hour—for him—with Mrs. Harper."

CHAPTER V

EXPULSED

THE next morning, leaving Madeline at the station to follow by a later train, Mr. Wynne called at Harperton, in order to have a little explanation. The maid's face (she was an old maid) looked portentously solemn as she opened the door; and—oh! ominous objects!—two good-sized basket trunks, and a bonnet-box, stood waiting in the hall. As he glanced at them in passing, some one came out through a door just behind him, and said, in a biting tone—

"Dear me! I am surprised to see Mr. Wynne under the circumstances; but, as he is here, perhaps he can give an address for Miss West's boxes?"

"May I ask what you mean, Miss Selina?" he said, turning to confront her the instant the drawing-room door was closed.

"I mean," she replied, flushing to a dull brick color, "that after her escapade of last evening, Miss West never enters this house again—a young lady who stayed out all night!" she concluded with a wild, dramatic gesture.

"But, you know, that was not her fault, Miss Selina. We waited exactly where you told us—at the bottom of the steps—and so missed the train. I could not get a cab, though I did my utmost, the snow was too deep. I left Miss West at the Railway Hotel and brought her from there this morning. She—"

"Oh," interrupted his listener, throwing up both hands, "pray spare me the details! It is nothing to me whom she was with or where she went. We have quite done with her. It was a planned thing between you, no doubt."

"Miss Selina," cried Mr. Wynne, "your sex protects you! A man dared not say what you have permitted yourself to utter, and do not in your own heart believe. Am I to understand

that because, through waiting for you, by your own express direction, Miss West lost her only train home last night, and was obliged to remain in Riverside, you would blast her reputation and thrust her out of doors?"

"You are!" she returned, defiantly, looking him full in the face with her cold, cruel, little eyes.

"And may I ask what is to become of the young lady?" he inquired, with a forced calmness that was ominous enough.

"Nay," shrugging her shoulders, "that is a matter between her and you." Then she added, with an evil smile, "She need not refer to us for a character."

"Perhaps your mother will be more lenient," he said, making a great effort to restrain his temper. "Remember that Miss West has no home and no friends. Can I see Mrs. Harper?"

"I am speaking for my mother," she answered sharply. "She refuses to see the girl, or allow her inside our door. There is no use in your persisting—it is waste of time. We are not rich, but, at any rate," choking with excitement, "we have always been respectable!"

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied, making a low, ironical bow; "and as there is nothing further to be said, I will wish you good-morning."

"Good-morning!" replied Miss Selina, ringing the bell, and curtseying simultaneously. "You will be pleased to remove Miss West's boxes at once, and inform her that letters from her will be returned unopened"—thereby securing the last shot, and the last word. And Mr. Wynne walked out of the house in a bewildered and confused state of mind, outwardly cool, but in reality at boiling point.

He had not proceeded far when he met Madeline coming toward him, with a terrified and expectant face. Now was the moment for action. His senses were stung to alertness, his mind cleared of misgivings; he made a desperate resolve. She was thrust out homeless and alone in the wide, wide world! She should share his home, such as it was; it was better than none. She should, and she would, be his wife—and rich in love if in nothing else. Prudence had hitherto sealed his lips—for her sake chiefly. Now that she had no resources, no place open to receive her, he could and would speak.

The first thing he did was to hail a cab, and dispatch the man straight back to Harperton for Miss West's luggage, desiring him to bring it to the station.

"Why, what does it mean? Are they so very angry?" she asked with blanched cheeks. "Oh, you don't mean that they are sending me away?" For she noticed that Mr. Wynne looked unusually pale and grave.

"Come down here with me," leading her into some public gardens that they were passing, "and I will tell you all about it."

The gardens were miserably wintry. Snow lay on the ground, a couple of boys were snow-balling, some starving red-wings fluttered across the path, a granite-gray sky lowered overhead. Surely it was the last place on God's earth in which to relate a love tale; and the girl herself, what a picture of misery! Oh! thought the young man, if Mrs. Wolferton had but been at home—but, alas! she was abroad—she would have been a true friend to this poor forlorn child. Madeline was, of course, wearing her evening dress, such as it was—at any rate, it was thin. A shabby little plush opera cloak barely covered her perishing neck and arms. Over this was drawn a meager black cape. On her head she wore a sunburned sailor hat; in her frozen, mittened hand she held a fan; her face was pinched with cold, and white with anxiety. No lovely lady fair was here to woo this bleak January forenoon. And what of ambition—the stern, jealous mistress to whom he was pledged?

"They are very angry, senselessly angry," began the young man. "They won't take you back again, and have actually packed your boxes ready for removal. However, when one door shuts, another opens. There is a home ready for you, Madeline. Can you guess where it is?"

She gazed at Mr. Wynne, and stood perfectly still and very white, with her thin, sensitive lips tightly pressed together, and made no reply.

"You know that it is my home," he continued eagerly. "I need not tell you that I love you, and so well do I love you that until now I have never dared even to whisper my love. I am poor, I have my way to make as yet, it may be a life of struggling poverty. Can you share it—will you venture, Madeline?"

The girl stepped back a pace, and suddenly sat down upon an iron garden bench, still silent, and covered her face with her mittened hands.

"Will you not answer me?" he pleaded. He dared not remove her hands, or offer her a caress. The snowballing had ceased; the present scene in real life attracted the two boys, who had drawn near. The lady was sick, or looked like it.

"You do not mean it," she faltered. "I know you are very, very kind, but I cannot accept your pity, for that is what it comes to."

"I solemnly declare to you that it is not," he rejoined with emphasis; "but even if it were, have you not heard that pity is akin to love?"

"It is utterly impossible," she said slowly. "You are speaking out of the goodness of your heart, on the impulse of the moment. This time yesterday, tell me honestly," raising her lovely eyes to his, "had you any intention of—of—of this?"

"To be truthful, then, I had not."

"There, you see, that is enough. There is your answer," with a quick little gesture.

"No, no, hear me out. It was on your account that I held my tongue. If I had had a decent income I would have spoken to you long ago; but I felt that I had no right to remove you from Mrs. Harper's care without having a comfortable home to offer you. I meant to work very hard and to return next year. Now all has been changed. Circumstances alter cases. I ask you now, Madeline, will you be afraid to begin with me at the bottom of the ladder—something tells me that I shall reach the top?"

"I shall only be a dead weight and a burden," she replied in a broken voice. She was relenting. Her own heart was an eloquent advocate for Mr. Wynne.

"What will your relations say when they hear that you wish to marry a portionless girl, a—beggar?" she murmured tremulously.

"They will say nothing that can affect us. I am independent. I have no claims on them, and they have no right to dictate to me. By the time they hear the news, we shall, I hope, be married. We have nothing to wait for, and the sooner you have a home of your own the better. I wish I had a sister or some near relative that I could take you to, but I am almost as much alone in the world as you are."

In the end Mr. Wynne prevailed—was not talking his trade!—and Madeline West walked out of that wintry white garden his affianced wife.

Rash young man! Rash young woman! One would have thought that they had the wealth of Croesus, the full consent and warmest wishes of tribes of wealthy relations, to look at their faces as they passed through the gates side by side.

Miss West did not feel the snow soaking through her thin walking shoes. No, she was treading on air—had thrown all doubts and misgivings to the winds, and was prepared to make the most of this heaven-sent period. She was about to enter on a new and happy life, believing

that, although a poor man's wife, her path would be strewn with roses.

She had about as much practical experience of household cares—the value of pounds, shillings, and pence—as one of the children in the third class at Harperton. As for Laurence Wynne, Madeline was his, Madeline was an angel, young, unspoiled, and unsophisticated, with modest wishes, and a firm faith in him. Their future was before them! It was!

CHAPTER VI

"POVERTY COMES IN AT THE DOOR"

IN a very short time Madeline West was Madeline Wynne. She was married at a little old church in the City, with no other witnesses than the vergers and the clerk; and Mr. and Mrs. Wynne spent a week in Paris ere they set up housekeeping, in modest lodgings not far from the Temple, and from which, by leaning well out of the drawing-room window, and nearly dislocating your neck, you could obtain a glimpse of the Thames Embankment.

The good old days, when Traddles and Sophy lived in chambers, and entertained half-a-dozen of "the dear girls," were no more. Mr. Wynne was obliged to set up his little tent outside the venerable precincts, in the second floor front of Solferino Place. To Madeline it was a palace, because it was her very own. Here she might poke the fire, alter the arrangement of the furniture, pile on coals, order tea at any time, and go out and come in as she pleased. She could scarcely realize such liberty! Neither could she realize her wedding-ring, and she frequently stared for a moment in doubt when she heard herself called "Mrs. Wynne."

Laurence was not so poor as she imagined, for he hired a piano, bought her songs, flowers, and—oh! joy—three such pretty new dresses; he took her to the theaters, for walks in the parks (when he had time), he showed her most of the sights of London—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery, and the Tower.

He was even extravagant in one line. He laid out for her a reckless amount of shillings and half-crowns on literary papers, magazines, and books. Laurence was fond of reading; she was not, and she little knew how she startled him when she exclaimed, "Besides all the other hateful things you have delivered me from, Laurence, you have delivered me from books! I never wish to open one again!"

Now Laurence had been looking forward to introducing his pretty Madeline to all the great masters in English literature, to hearing her fresh comments, to sharing her raptures, to comparing first impressions, favorite pieces, favorite characters; in short, to opening for this girl of eighteen the portals of a new world. Alas! it soon became evident that Madeline had an absolute lack of literary taste. She had a taste for music, for flowers; a marvelous taste in colors, and in dress; but for reading, as he understood it, not an atom. (At first he had had visions of reading her some sketches and articles of his own, but soon changed his mind, and kept his MS. in his writing-desk.) He read aloud well, and selected, as he believed, gems; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Wynne preferred paste!

Lamb's essays were "quite too awfully dry." Wordsworth was ten times worse—she could hardly stifle her yawns. And even when he was reading "Silas Marner," and, as he considered, George Eliot's masterpiece, he noticed that Madeline was shyly perusing the advertisements in a ladies' newspaper. She looked so nonplused and unhappy if he paused and suddenly asked her, "If that was not fine? and how such and such a passage struck her?"

At length he relinquished his efforts. It was time, when Madeline, with a pretty pout, said, "My dear Laurence, I might as well be at school; you are just talking like Mr. Falk, our professor of English literature. Such an ugly little mummy."

"And to whom you never listened?"

"Not I; and I never could remember names, periods, or dates. You must make the best of me. In some ways you will find that I am hopelessly stupid."

In spite of these tiresome readings, Madeline was thoroughly happy; there was not one single drawback, not one little cloud on her sky, if we except an occasionally heavy magazine article to which she was obliged to lend her ears. And Laurence was happy, too. It was delightful to come home those dark, wet nights, and find a kiss, a blazing fire, and his pretty Madeline awaiting him. She was always smiling, always so ready to see the comic side of everything, a veritable sunbeam in that drawing-room.

"Who would be a bachelor?" he asked himself contemptuously, as he watched her flitting to and fro after dinner, pulling up his armchair and filling his pipe. If he had one little *arrière pensée* it was this, that she would not *always* give him mutton chops, and a wish that her ideas of a *menu* were a little more expansive.

Nevertheless he was perfectly content. He had an incentive to work hard now, and he did work. He was getting known in a small way. He had the gift of oratory, of what is known as legal tact, a handsome presence, and the power—given to so few—of swaying men's minds with his eloquence, as the flame of a candle in the wind. But, then, he was only twenty-eight—a mere boy in the eyes of the ancient profession, where a man begins to make a start about fifty. Still Laurence Wynne had his foot on the lower rung of the ladder. More than one shrewd solicitor had noted him. His luck had turned; his marriage had brought him good fortune, though it had scared away all his relations, and he had completely dropped out of society.

But this fool's Paradise was not to last—it never does. The angel that opened the gate, and drove the foolish pair out into the everyday, hard, stony world was typhoid fever.

The hot summer succeeding their marriage was a trying one, and in the sultry September days typhoid fever laid hold on many victims, among others on the hard working young barrister—seized him with a death-like grip, flung him on a sick bed, and kept him there for months.

The fever was so difficult to shake off, and it had brought so many other ills in its train. Finances were low—as they are sure to be when the bread-winner is idle. Doctors' bills and chemists' bills were mounting up, as well as the butcher's and baker's, not to speak of the landlady's little account.

All the burden now lay upon one pair of young shoulders—Madeline's; and, to quote a homely but expressive phrase, she absolutely did not know where to turn. She had neither money nor friends. Her husband had no capital; his slender fortune had been invested in his education and profession. And as to his friends and his distant connections, they had disowned him. When they had heard of what they were good enough to call "his low marriage with a teacher in a school," they had washed their hands of him with wonderful unanimity. Society had lost sight of him for months; Mr. and Mrs. Wynne had no acquaintances. Poor Madeline was in terrible straits, but her courage rose with the occasion; she was brave and energetic, and did not sit down with her hands before her and cry.

A schoolfellow of her husband's (another young barrister) came to see her and him, and gave help in the shape of advice which for once was valuable. They moved to the top story—

the attics. (That was a step of which their landlady highly approved.) And he procured some law copying for Madeline—who wrote a clear, neat hand—which brought in a few shillings, and kept the actual wolf from the door. He sent fish, grapes, and other little delicacies to the invalid, and was in truth that *rara avis*—a friend in need.

He considered that Wynne had behaved like a madman in marrying on nothing; but certainly the girl was an immense temptation—so young, so pretty—such eyes he had never seen—so unsophisticated and fresh, and yet possessing excellent sense and an elastic and dauntless spirit. Here for once was an instance in which poverty had not thrust love out of the window. Strange, but true, their reverses had only served to draw the Wynnes more closely together. They afforded a refreshing study to Mr. Jessop, who was a cynic and a philosopher in a small way, and who sneered and snarled and marveled. Things had not even come to the worst with these unfortunate people, not until a third was added to the establishment in the shape of a Master Wynne, who puckered up his wrinkled red face, thrust his creasy fists into his eyes, and made hideous grimaces at the world in which he found himself—and in which, to tell the truth, he was not particularly wanted, except by his mother, to whom he was not only welcome, but, in her partial eyes, a little household god!

His father, who was slowly recovering—an emaciated specter of what he had been—was dubious with regard to the striking resemblance to himself, and frequently wondered in his inmost soul as to what was to be the future of his son and heir? How was he to be fed, clothed, and educated? Dismal echoes answered, "How?" for the Wynnes were now desperately poor.

I mean by this, that Mr. Wynne's watch had long been ticked in a pawnbroker's window, that Madeline's one little brooch had gone the same way; also—oh, breathe it not!—her best gown and hat; also Mr. Wynne's topcoat and evening dress clothes; that the invalid alone tasted meat—and in scanty portions—Madeline telling many clever fibs with regard to her own dinner. Her inexhaustible spirits and vivacity seemed to sustain her—that, and a little bread and tea.

The one person who was well-to-do was the baby. He was clothed in a beautiful cloak and hood—Mr. Jessop's gifts—purchased, with many blushes, by that keen-eyed, close-shaven gentleman, and presented with pride to his godson and namesake. More than once Madeline's mental eye had seen these sumptuous garments smuggled away to the pawnbroker's round the corner, but she fought hard with the idea, and had sternly kept it at bay—as yet. Their circumstances were, indeed, all but desperate, when one evening Mr. Jessop came thundering up the stairs, newspaper in hand, and panted out, as he threw himself into the nearest chair and took off his hat—

"I say, Mrs. Wynne, what was your name before you were married?"

"My name," she echoed, looking blankly at him, for she was trying to keep the baby quiet and to do some copying simultaneously—vain and exasperating task—"was West—Madeline West."

"Ah! I thought so!" he cried triumphantly, clearing his throat and unfolding his paper with a flourish. "Then just listen to this: 'MADELINE WEST.—If this should meet the eye of Madeline Sidney West, she is earnestly implored to communicate with Mrs. H. of H. House, at once, when she will hear of something greatly to her advantage.' Now what do you think of that?" he demanded of his friend, who, drawn up near a handful of cinders, had been poring over a law book. "Looks like a legacy, doesn't it?"

"Too good to be true, I'm afraid. Eh, Madeline?"

Madeline turned her face alternately on the two men. A faint color had invaded her thin, white cheeks, and her eyes brightened as she said—

"There is no harm in answering the notice; it may mean something."

"Why, of course it does," cried Mr. Jessop, emphatically. "Get a pen, give me the infant, and write a line now, and I'll post it."

And Madeline accordingly sat down and wrote to Mrs. Harper on the spot, while her companions watched her in silence.

"DEAR MRS. HARPER—I have seen your notice in the *Times* of to-day. My address is—2, Solferino Place, Westminster.

"Yours truly, M. W."

She was so accustomed to sign merely her initials, and was so flurried between anticipation, anxiety, excitement, and the screams of the baby, that she never had the presence of mind to write her full name, and on this slight omission, this one little cog, turned a most important factor in her future career.

(To be continued.)

A STAMP STORY.

BY M. CARRIE HYDE.

FRANCOIS was nearly discouraged. He did not get on. Ever since he could remember he had picked rags, scraped gutters and gathered orange-peel for the famous Mrs. Blanket's candying establishment, from gray morning to black night, and yet he had not gotten on. Boys who had started with him were now far ahead of him, blacking boots, holding horses, running errands in fine clothes with gilt buttons down the front, while he, poor jaded little scavenger, was a flutter of grimy rags, ragged shoes and unkempt hair. Still he had as fine a pair of honest blue eyes as ever looked out from a freckled, weather-hardened little face.

Perhaps it was because Francois was so honest that the world seemed to go against him. If he found a bit of yellow coin among the rags, he promptly handed it over to the head scavenger; if the gutter revealed to him a silver spoon, he gave it to the nearest concierge to return to its owner; and if a whole orange or a half-banana were brought to light by his delving fingers, there was always a little boy or girl close by who needed it more than he. So Francois' pocket and stomach went empty and his garments waved their signals of distress in vain.

One accomplishment he possessed, however. Few of the boys who had started with him had any knowledge of it. He had taught himself to read so well that by spelling out every fourth word he could read aloud quite glibly. No wonder the other boys turned their thumbs at him and said, with greenest envy: "That Francois, there, him's a college prig, him is!" and walked away shrugging their shoulders.

All this increased Francois' feeling of discouragement, and he went so far as to think of throwing himself into the Seine when one evening he stuck his last inch of candle into the old bottle-neck and cropt with it way back into the empty hogshead that was his home.

To divert his gloomy thoughts upon drowning he began spelling out the reading in a newspaper he had picked up that day in the street. His head was beginning to nod and there was danger of his unkempt hair being burned in the sputtering candle when an illustrated article in the paper caught his eye. The article was about postage-stamp collecting and the illustration was a group of a dozen or more of the rarest stamps.

"Stamp No. 1 in our illustration," said the article, "is a Mauritius of the first issue, worth four hundred francs. No. 2 is an American stamp, the five-cent Brattleboro, Vt., provi-

sional issue. It is very rare at three hundred francs apiece," etc., etc.

All of this was Greek to Francois excepting the fact that stamps like those in the picture were worth a great deal of money. He rubbed his eyes and sat up straight and thought how every day he picked up old and odd-stamped envelopes. What if by a kind chance he could find one of these valuable stamps in the picture? He forgot his gloomy thoughts about the Seine and wished it were morning so that he could begin at once his search for rare stamps. Carefully folding up that part of the paper containing the stamp picture he put it into his vest pocket just as the candle guttered out.

No sooner had morning sent its gray and chilly light into Francois' hogshead than he was out on the damp streets, poking excitedly here and there for stray paper. Many castaway envelopes came to light, but no stamp of value until four o'clock in the afternoon when, leaning back against a lamp-post, he decided to go to quite another quarter of the city before he ceased his search for that day. "To-morrow is stamp-market day in the Champs Elysees," he said to himself, "and I must find a valuable stamp to sell there—I must, I must."

At this instant the wind, coming slyly round the corner, began to play with the rags dangling from his elbows and with a bit of purplish paper not more than an inch square. It rolled the bit of paper over and over, then sailed it along like a leaf to finally toss it against the curb, where it stood as ready for another frolic as a Brownie.

Francois watched it idly at first, then caught it up with wide-open eyes, for it was one of the very precious stamps he had been trying to find.

"Oh, goody!" he cried, "I have found it! What luck!" and, taking out the stamp picture in his pocket, he compared it carefully with the illustration to get its correct name.

As nearly as he could decipher, it was a Confederate State stamp; but what a "Confederate State" was or where it could be he had no more idea than the people in Mars. He only knew it was a very valuable thing, a sort of Koh-i-noor among stamps. He rolled it carefully in with the paper picture, then putting it back into his pocket, he skipped home to his hogshead as light-hearted as any boy in Paris and dreadfully hungry, as he had not stopped in his search for a mouthful that day.

It required Francois some time the next morning to make his toilet for the Champs Elysees stamp-market. He had been there once or twice in his life as rag-picker or orange-peel gatherer, and he knew that a very respectable set of tradeswomen, bonnes and their young charges crowded there to exchange or buy canceled postage. Rubbing his face with a soft piece of paper till it shone, he parted his hair in the middle with his fingers, tied his jacket together with strings and hastened off to the market.

As might be expected, he was much too early there for the crowd; but he sauntered about, waiting patiently for it to gather.

In an hour or two there was a good-natured, gesticulating mass of people collected—bright boys anxious to add to their stamp albums, dealers in stamp specialties, and many onlookers. A crooked, fussy little man jumped upon a box and offered "any stamp you might mention to any bidder at any price," and he held up a purplish bit of paper which Francois, pushing nearer, saw was the counterpart of his precious stamp.

"Here, you man! See here! You're an impostor! There aren't but fifteen of those in the whole world. I can account for fourteen of them, and here is the fifteenth in my pocket-book!" and the speaker, an English boy about sixteen years old, drew out his pocketbook as if to take the fifteenth stamp from it.

"The young gentleman is mistaken," cried the stamp auctioneer; "I have here twenty, thirty—as many as you will have of that kind."

"Mistaken! I am not," cried the English boy. "Fancy I should know, when I paid two hundred and fifty francs for it yesterday to an honest dealer and not a fake or fakir like you!" and, red and angry, he still fumbled in his pocketbook.

"Where is it, then—your valuable stamp, monsieur, that you don't show it?" asked a plump tradeswoman whose apron was full of common stamps to sell.

The English boy grew white. "By Dante's *Inferno*!" he cried, "I've lost it."

There was a derisive laugh at this, in which the plump tradeswoman joined.

Francois' blue eyes and round ears had all this time been taking in every detail of the scene, his eyes expressing a gamut of feelings. First they told of his surprise when the stamp auctioneer displayed a stamp exactly like his treasure; then they reflected his consternation when the dealer said he had twenty or thirty of the same kind; next they showed his deep interest in what the English boy had said, and his sympathy when he declared he had lost his stamp; and last, but by no means least, they expanded with the sudden thought that the precious stamp was not his but the one the English boy had lost. A shade came into his bright, expanded eyes just here, but it went off like smoke as he pushed to the English boy's side and, touching his rough tweed sleeve, said: "About where did you lose the stamp, please, sir?"

"Why, what do you know about it, you young—" then the English boy stopped, noting Francois' honest eyes.

"I hope, sir"—and Francois looked down to blink away a mist that seemed determined to get into his eyes—"I hope, sir, I've found it; that is, I'm afraid I have, though I'm sorry. I—ah—"

"Pon my word, little lad, let's have a word about this out of the crowd," and the English boy drew Francois to a spot more to themselves; "did you say you had found a stamp?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

Francois showed caution. "Where did you lose your stamp do you think, sir?" he asked.

"I had it only here in the Elysees, and yesterday on the Rue de ——" the English boy answered.

"Then it must be yours, because it was on that street I found it," said Francois, turning pale. "Come home with me and I'll show it to you."

The English boy looked at him shrewdly.

"You're sure this isn't a trick?" he said; then blamed himself for doubting Francois' honest eyes.

"No, sir, it's honest."

"All right, then, come ahead. I'd go with you to the moon to get my stamp back. Hurry! let's be off."

"Yes, let's hurry," said Francois; and he had the English boy down one alley, up another, and around corner after corner, till his head was all a-whirl.

"Here we are," said Francois at last; "it's my hogshead and no one will disturb us."

"That's good!" said the English boy, stooping down and peering into the great barrel, "but if you don't mind—I'm such a big one—I won't go in."

Francois looked sharply about, then putting his hand in his vest pocket brought out the newspaper in which the stamp was so carefully folded; next unrolling the paper, he took out the stamp and held it up to the English boy.

The English boy made a low whistle as he took it between his thumb and finger.

"Of course this must be mine," he said, "if there are only fifteen in the world and I know where the other fourteen are?"

"Of course," echoed Francois, but in such a faint, hollow voice that the English boy looked quickly at him.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"No, nothing," replied Francois, sturdily.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me how it happens you have the stamp."

"I can read a little by picking it out," said Francois, speaking of his accomplishment shyly, "and I read about the stamps that are so valuable in this paper," and he pointed to the picture in the newspaper that had been wrapped round the stamp; "so the next morning I went out to hunt for a stamp like one of these in the picture, and in the afternoon, on the Rue de —, the wind was blowing your stamp around, so I picked it up; then I went to the Champs Elysees to sell it to-day, but it turned out different."

"Great Scott! I should say it has, and that you're a trump! Learning to read; spelling it out for yourself! I'd like my tutor to hear that! And how you live in a hoghead! I'd like him to hear that! Here, put these francs in your pocket and come right to our hotel with me."

"I'm not fit to, sir, 'deed I'm not," declared Francois, drawing back.

"Yes, you are. You're fit to go before the Queen and glad she'd be to see such a down-right, upright little chap as you are. Come on."

Francois did "come on." It was astonishing! The English boy's tutor was with him in Paris. He bought Francois a new suit and carried him home with them, where, comfortably clothed and fed, he is making such headway in Latin and Greek that he will only be a year or two behind the English boy in entering college.

THE STEEL CHARGER.

BY HENRY E. HAYDOCK.

THERE were five of us fellows who belonged to the same regiment. We were a great deal together, as all of us rode wheels, and we would frequently go for long trips through the country. In a joking way we kept up some of the regimental discipline on these rides, and told each other we resembled the knights of old when they went out on forages. The times having changed, we rode steel steeds instead of the prancing charges the knights used to ride.

One or two of the boys had a ribbon flying from the handlebars, given them by some fair maid who wished to have her colors carried into a strange country. Our trips, however, though not devoid of excitement, still had nothing of particular interest until the experience I am about to relate occurred.

For some unexplained reason this trip had not been as successful as the preceding rides. We could never seem to get over the ground we had mapped out for the day. Having started a little late, we would gradually fall behind the schedule, until, when we reached the place where we were to take dinner, it would be long past the dinner hour. They would then have to get up a dinner for us, and this would detain us still later. When we started again we would be worse off than before, and at nightfall we would be usually from ten to fifteen miles away from the place at which we were to put up for the night.

The country through which we were passing was lonely and very sparsely settled. It was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride over a rough road in the semi-darkness, with now and then the baying of a hound in some

distant farmyard, or the hooting of an owl to cheer you up.

We were so situated, however, one evening; and, owing to some quarreling in the party over the fact of our position, and as to who was really the cause of this state of affairs, we were riding far apart in a long line. I was in the van, having a great desire to put up somewhere for the night, and a wish to get there as soon as possible.

The night was a very peculiar one. There was no moon, and yet it was not intensely dark. I could make out objects quite distinctly; the road itself showed white ahead of me, yet to ride over it was somewhat like guesswork, as every now and then my machine would give me a slight jar, as I ran over some obstruction which I had not seen. Still I was making good headway, when I suddenly came upon a piece of woods so black I had to drop back to a slow gait and feel my way cautiously.

The country had been so very lonely as to depress my spirits. I had not seen the lights of a farmhouse for over a mile. Now and then a frog would croak in some adjacent pool or a night-bird would flit by. The thought of my comrades following me was a source of great comfort, and the wheel itself seemed to be a companion, as it responded to the pressure on the pedals, or obeyed the slightest movement of the handlebars. Every sense was on the alert as I swung in under the shade of the trees, and the glow from my lantern became more pronounced.

I had nearly passed through the woods when suddenly the shaft of light fell full upon something lying across the roadway. Every nerve in my body thrilled and I felt a sickening sensation of fear, for I could see it was a body—the body of a woman.

The first thought was that I had come upon a murder, and I felt a wild desire to turn round and ride back over the road with all my might, so as to get away from it. The next instant, however, I had conquered this feeling, and approached slowly and cautiously.

Suddenly the body moved. I started back for a moment, then advanced again, throwing the light of my bicycle lantern full upon the head and face. Then I saw she was not dead, but bound and gagged. Even with the gag holding her face distorted, I could see she was young and pretty.

I was at once by her side, and with the aid of my knife had soon cut and unloosed her bonds. At first she seemed unable to speak, but when she did it was not in the frightened or hysterical way I had expected, but with intense passion as if her whole soul was up in arms with hate.

"Quick," she said, "you have a bicycle; ride back for a mile and get help! There is a farmhouse on the left side of the road. It is my brother's. There are men now in my house who are about to torture my uncle. They dragged me to the woods so I should not see. They said they would attend to me later. I managed to roll and struggle out upon the road. They are after money; but, worse than that, they hate us and will stop at nothing. There are three of them. Only get help and we can stop their fiendish work and catch them besides."

I could not but admire her as she spoke so fiercely and passionately. Most women would have been greatly frightened, menaced by dangers so terrible, and would have first thought of safety. She, however, would await alone while I went for help, defying the dangers which surrounded her. Then, too, she considered me a little, for she did not ask me to attack the scoundrels single-handed.

"There is no need of riding back for help," I said, as I laid my hand upon her arm, for I was

afraid she would dash off to her uncle's rescue in a moment more; "it is already on the way."

Even as I spoke a bright ray of light shot out of the darkness, over the road on which I had just come. Then back of that another and another, until the road gleamed with dancing lights. Suddenly a black form loomed up out of the darkness. He was beside us in a moment more and had dismounted. "What is this, Arthur?" he said.

In a few words I explained the situation. The girl gave no sign except to tremble violently as my hand still rested upon her arm.

So we waited until our whole party had grouped themselves about the girl. "Now," I said, "tell us where the house is."

"This way," she answered, and she led us on a half-run.

We emerged from the woods almost at once, and there below us, in the middle of an open field, gleamed the lights of a small farmhouse. A narrow lane ran along the borders of the wood in deep shadow; it led to the barn back of the house.

"Two will have to go down the lane and get in the rear of the house," I said; "two will be ready to ride across the open field, and the fifth stand here on guard. When you get in position blow your bicycle whistle and we will charge upon the house, then let no one escape."

Two of the boys happened to have revolvers, supposing they might be handy in dealing with dogs, little thinking they might be useful in such a case as this. These two were detailed to ride down the lane and get in the rear of the house. We thought a quick rush across the open space in front of the house on our wheels would give the scoundrels little chance to escape, while an approach on foot would take so much longer that we might be seen.

Patiently we waited as our companions rode down the lane, then stood holding our wheels ready to mount. Suddenly on the quiet of the night there sounded the shrill note of a bicycle whistle. Then we were charging across the field.

It was crossed in a moment. We were off our wheels in a second more and had closed in upon the house. Expecting no danger from the outside, the doors had been left open when the scoundrels had entered by forcing them, and through them we dashed into the room.

Like a flash of light was the picture before me. The helpless man bound to a chair; the red-hot poker glowing in the coals; the bare feet lashed to the footboard of the bed; the three cowardly scoundrels grouped in the centre of the room. Even as I saw them one of the group tried to draw a revolver; but before his hand had left his hip pocket he fell to the floor in a senseless heap as a bicycle wrench wielded by a muscular arm came in contact with his skull. The other two men turned to look into the muzzles of two revolvers, held by our companions, who had entered the house from the rear. They saw resistance would be of no avail and submitted.

It took us only a short time to bind them securely with ropes torn from the bed. Then we mounted guard over them until we could get the county officers.

The men we had captured were foreigners. We learned two of them had previously been employed by the man they had attacked. They had been discharged because they would not obey orders, and were savage and threatening. They had learned in the meantime that quite a large sum of money was kept in the house. They therefore resolved to satisfy their revenge and get the money at the same time. To find where the money was hidden they were about to resort to torture when we arrived. It is needless to add that they were put where they could do no more damage for a good long time.

A DAY WITH THE ELEPHANTS.

BY BILL BACKSTAY.

THOSE who have beheld the elephant only through the medium of Barnum's or Forepaugh's exhibits can have but little idea of the wonderful sagacity of that enormous animal. It has been my good fortune to come across him in a field where his instinct and strength are made subservient to man, and where they are displayed to much better advantage than they can possibly be in a menagerie.

For over two years the vessel in which I had shipped in the capacity of able-seaman was engaged in the East India timber trade, carrying teak from the timber ports in British Burma to the navy yard at Bombay and returning in ballast. It was anything but a pleasant trade, especially during the southwest monsoons or rainy season. At sea we had to face the heaviest of rain squalls, and we had seldom a dry stitch of clothing to our backs; and in port the ubiquitous mosquito was the bane of our lives.

In port we had occasionally a liberty day, as the sailors call it—leave of absence for twenty-four hours, with a month's pay to squander in that rapid and foolish manner which only Jack-shore fully understands and appreciates; and then we had the Sundays to ourselves. It is on one of these latter occasions I first saw the elephant in all his wonderful strength and sagacity.

Our ship lay at anchor in the Salween River, about five miles below the busy town of Maulmain, in Burma, and opposite a large timber yard. A bend in the river hid the town from view; but, adjoining the mill, was a little village of perhaps fifty houses almost buried in a grove of coconut palm, bamboo, banana and other tropical trees and shrubs. The gilded dome of a small pagoda, built on a slight eminence in the centre of the village, showed above the foliage. Far as the eye could reach was a dense jungle bounded only by the dim peaks of the distant mountain ranges. It was but a dull lookout for our first Sunday in port.

Since our arrival we had been busy discharging ballast and getting ready to take in cargo. The bowports, two on each side of the stem, had been taken out, and there were now holes in the bow of the vessel through which one could almost drive an ox-team. Great coils of spare line were lying on deck ready for use in mooring the rafts of timber as soon as they should be brought alongside; and tackles had been rove off and derricks rigged out over the bows to hoist the logs up to the ports.

In our spare moments during the past week we had been eagerly scanning the shore in the neighborhood of the mill for those enormous animals which, we had been told, were the necessary adjuncts of every Burmese timber yard; and we had seen their huge forms moving about among the piles of slabs and tiers of logs, and had watched them taking their evening bath in the river after the day's work was over. Now, Sunday morning, with the decks washed down and our breakfast hurriedly swallowed, we hailed a *sampan*, or native boat, and six of us were speedily landed on terra firma.

It was a busy time at the yard and the mill was in full blast, Sunday though it was, so we had an excellent opportunity of viewing the elephants. The first glance was sufficient to show us that their services must be almost indispensable. There were seven full-grown elephants, all of them over eight feet and a half in height and each capable of lifting logs that fifty coolies could hardly move.

The teak is cut in the forests some hundreds of miles above and rafted down the river. Near the yard was a wide creek into which the logs were floated; and the entrance was guarded by

a boom to prevent them escaping into the river again. From this creek a couple of elephants, harnessed with a breastplate and tugs like a horse, were busy hauling the round logs to the mill about one hundred yards distant. A pair of iron timber dogs, or hooks, were driven into the wood, and the chains attached to them were hooked to the elephants' traces. The animals were driven by *mahouts*, native drivers, perched on their shoulders, who guided them by pressure of the feet on their necks, occasionally using the *ankus*, a sharp iron goad.

When the mill was reached the animal, at a sign from his driver, stepped back and kicked the dogs out with his hind-feet. He then proceeded to the further end of the log, and, with one fore-foot and his tusks, pushed and guided it on the carriage which fed it to the saw. The slabs cut from the log were picked up by him and piled in a stack, and the finished log was laid carefully away on one side. Sometimes, in moving a stack of slabs, an elephant would put his tusks under the pile, and, throwing his trunk over it to steady it, would carry off at one time as much as a horse could drag.

They seemed to understand everything the drivers said to them, and would pick out the particular log or slab wanted at the slightest hint. Each animal had his own station and work assigned to him, and, if another intruded, he would at once drive the intruder off with shrieks of rage. Some of the logs we saw them drag that day were over three feet in diameter and forty feet long.

It was wonderful to see the careful manner in which they picked their way among the machinery of the sawmill, carrying loads of slabs twenty feet in length and often along paths scarcely wider than themselves. The latter feat was accomplished by turning the pile as nearly lengthwise of their bodies as possible.

While we were there they were making up rafts to be floated off to the vessel at high water. Each of these rafts consisted of ten logs fastened together by cross slab pieces and small chains. Some of the elephants were detached for this work; and they dragged the logs, sometimes two at a time, to the sloping banks of the river, using their fore-feet and tusks to place them in position at right angles to the current with their outer ends square with each other. The log was hauled to high-water mark, and then, the hooks being cast off, the elephant would go to the other end and push on it, glancing along the log as a marksman would along a rifle-barrel, and pushing more gently each time until the logs were all as carefully aligned as a carpenter would lay the planks of a floor.

When it came high water (which happened before we left) two elephants were stationed, one at each of the inshore corners, and with a whistle and a push with their tusks the huge raft, weighing from thirty to forty tons, slid off into the water as easily and steadily as a vessel glides down her ways at launching.

But the most amusing part of our day's experience was connected with the young elephants, of which there were two in the yard. These little animals, not more than four feet in height, were as lively and frolicsome as kittens. The cows, their mothers, were at work, and the youngsters would give them no peace.

I saw one of the calves play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a heavy log from the creek to the sawmill, quite unsuspecting of any guile in the bosom of her offspring. The youngster took a turn with his trunk round one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his might. This extra weight caused the old lady to stop and look behind her; but, on discovering the cause, she gravely shook her head and prepared to resume her task.

Now this halt was just what the little imp expected; and, before the strain was put on again, he had kicked out the iron dog which fastened the chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull he held back with all his strength on the chain until all her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go.

The effect was disastrous in the extreme: down went the old lady on her knees, and the *mahout* described a most graceful and prolonged curve before he landed on terra firma. But, like a cat, he struck on his feet, and, blurting out some heavy Burmese oaths, he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed victim of this unfilial practical joke. Then ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my luck to witness.

The calf scented danger the moment he saw the *mahout* whisper to his mother, and he placed a large stack of timber between the enraged animal and himself as speedily as possible. Elephants seem too clumsy to do much running, but these two coursed up and down that yard in a manner which would have taken the shine out of many professional racers. The youngster could turn a good deal quicker than his older and bulkier antagonist; but at last he was cornered.

Then his whole demeanor changed. With a shrill little whistle he trotted up to his mother and rubbed up against her. But he was not to get off so easily. Giving him a butt with her head, she turned him side to and brought her trunk sharply across his loins four or five times. The first time he uttered a shriek of defiance, but at the second stroke he dropped on his knees and took his punishment bravely and patiently. A few minutes later he walked past us to his shed; but his trunk was drooping and the great tears were coursing silently down his India-rubber cheeks. I was sorry for the poor little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner-time his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk and manifesting many signs of affection.

In the meantime the other youngster had been engaged in an affair of his own which resulted much more to his credit and advantage than did the little joke of his youthful companion.

One of our company had come ashore crowned with a large Panama straw hat of which he was very proud. In fact the wearer was rather too conceited in every way, and none of us was very much grieved at the lesson taught him by this day's experience. Elephant calf, number two, took quite a fancy to Joe's (our shipmate's) headgear, and, slipping up quietly behind him, he swept the hat from his head with a graceful flourish of his trunk. With the same motion the hat was made to describe a curve over the elephant's back. Then he turned round, kicked it with his fore-feet, charged and kicked it again, and then finally put his foot on it.

This was more than Joe could stand. To have his hat knocked off his head by an elephant was bad enough; but to have it crushed into a shapeless mass before his very eyes, was carrying the matter altogether too far. Seeing a stout club on the ground near at hand, he picked it up and made a rush at the offending calf. To his astonishment the calf did not turn tail and flee before him. Far from it! Instead of fleeing he charged to meet him. In fact Joe had just time to turn the corner of a shed when the calf rushed past him like an avalanche.

Now the mother of this calf happened to be standing within sight when Joe took up the cudgel, and as soon as she saw her bold offspring charge on the offender she gave a shriek and bore down on the scene of strife. The American superintendent of the mill, who had been showing us around, took in the situation at a glance and told Joe to make for the creek which was but a few rods distant. This he lost

no time in doing, and reached the shore end of the boom of floating logs before the elephants could turn to make a second dash at him.

This boom, which was used to prevent the timber floating out of the creek into the river, was composed of large, squared logs, end on to each other and fastened together by small rafting chains. The first log of this floating bridge was a very large one, nearly fifty feet in length; and our shipmate, who with all his faults was "every inch a sailor," found no difficulty in running out to the end of it.

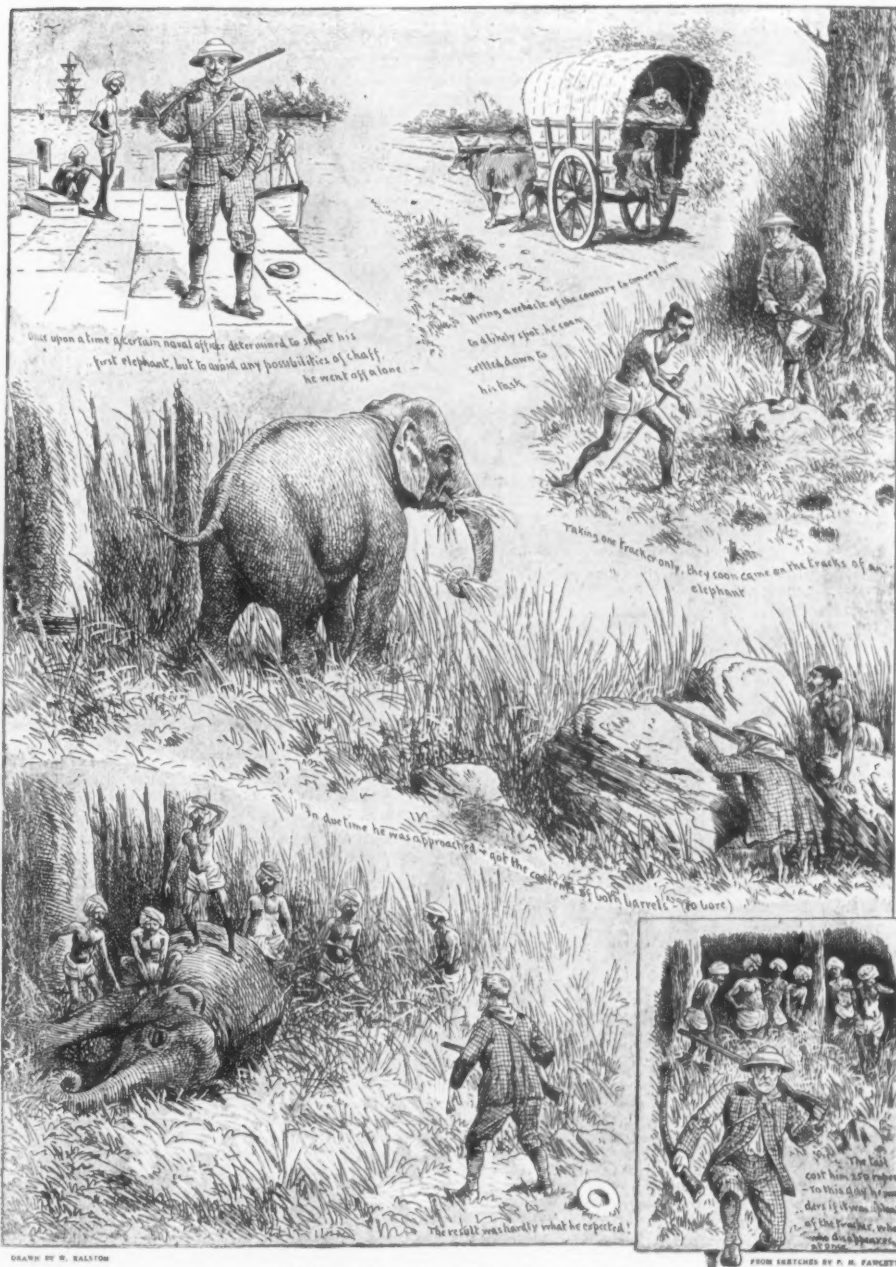
Now the elephant, although such a brave animal in many ways, is extremely cautious in small matters, and his very sagacity makes him test the strength of every structure before he trusts his ponderous avoirdupois to it. Therefore, when the elephants arrived at the water's edge, they hesitated about trying the bridge. They looked at their quarry and then at the log and then up and down stream; but they did not essay the boom, nor did they plunge into the water.

Our friend on the other end of the log observed their hesitation and his wonderful conceit did not forsake him even at this juncture. He had no hat to wave in defiance, but he threw his arms about his head and gave vent to several prolonged shouts of triumph. They were his last. The calf seemed to wink at his mother, and then, putting one foot on the edge of the log, he suddenly threw all his weight on it. The log gave a heavy cant to one side and over went our self-sufficient friend head first into the water. The elephants looked at one another, threw their trunks over their shoulders with derisive whistles and trotted quietly off to their shed; and we almost thought we could see their huge sides shaking with laughter as they passed us.

Our shipmate easily climbed out on the log again, for the water was quite shallow at that stage of the tide; but he was a most wo-begone object. If there wasn't much water there was plenty of mud, and it took him the rest of the day to scrape himself clean. I heard the superintendent tell him that it was lucky he did not hit the calf, as they would have chased him to the death. Their *mahouts* can do almost anything with them, but a stranger must beware how he offends them. They will remember an injury as long as they live, and repay it with interest if possible some day. Our friend did not venture ashore again at the yard during our stay.

But at last the day draws to a close with tropical suddenness (there is no twilight in these regions), and we see the flag which signals our recall hoisted to the peak. From the village come the sounds of the tom-tom, cymbals and castanets, as the village orchestra takes up its nightly refrain. Soon the strange and weird chorus of the tropical night begins, and above, below and all around us we hear the chirp, mutter, whispering, humming and screaming of innumerable creatures, while afar off in the jungle echoes the wild and unearthly cry of the jackal in search of his prey.

Fireflies dance like sparkles of greenish light amid the luxuriant foliage of the tamarinds and mangoes, the mosquito begins to get in his work, and the dew, in all the chill abundance of an Indian night, falls around us. We jump into our *sampan*, all but Joe well pleased with the experiences of a day with the elephants; and, after haggling with the boatman about a few cents' difference in the fare, we find ourselves once more aboard the old ship, with the consciousness of a day well spent but with dire misgivings as to our ability to handle, on the morrow, those enormous logs of which our friends the elephants made so little account.



A TAME AND SHACKLED ELEPHANT IS STALKED BY AN AMATEUR SPORTSMAN
A NAVAL OFFICER'S EXPERIENCE IN BIG GAME SHOOTING IN INDIA

THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE London *Athenaeum* in discussing the works of Edgar Allen Poe by Edmund Clarence Stedman and G. E. Woodberry is rather severe on the latter for raking up all the ancient scandals and supplying several new improved scandals about the unfortunate poet. Woodberry's memoir, says the British critic, contains little new matter of worth, the most interesting being some quotations from Poe's correspondence with Lowell, especially some self-revelations the poet furnished when asked to send data for a sketch. Said Poe:

"I am excessively slothful and wonderfully industrious—by fits. There are epochs when any kind of mental exercise is torture, and when nothing yields me pleasure but solitary communion with the 'mountains and the woods'—the 'altars' of Byron. I have thus rambled and dreamed away whole months, and awake, at last, to a sort of mania for composition. Then I scribble all day, and read all night, so long as the disease endures. . . . I am not ambitious—unless negatively. I now and then feel stirred up to excel a fool, merely because I hate to let a fool imagine that he may excel me. Beyond this I feel nothing of ambition. I really perceive that vanity about which most men merely prate—the vanity of the human or temporal life. I live continually in a reverie of the future. I have no faith in human perfectibility.

I think that human exertion will have no appreciable effect upon humanity. . . . You speak of 'an estimate of my life'—and, from what I have already said, you will see that I have none to give. I have been too deeply conscious of the mutability and evanescence of temporal things to give any continuous effort to anything—to be consistent in anything. My life has been *whim*—impulse—passion—a longing for solitude—a scorn for all things present in an earnest desire for the future. I am profoundly excited by music, and by some poems—those of Tennyson especially—whom, with Keats, Shelley, Coleridge (occasionally), and a few others of like thought and expression, I regard as the *sole* poets."

While condemning Woodberry's memoir the *Athenaeum* praises highly Stedman's introductory essay to the tales which serves as an antidote to the bias of the memoir. While differing from several of the critical conclusions Stedman arrives at, it rejoices to recognize in him a man able to apprehend and appreciate the artistic genius of Poe. This critical introduction is a worthy prelude to the tales, the keynote to which is struck thus: "The reader who chanced in youth to come upon one of Poe's finer stories is not likely to have forgotten its impression on his jaded sense of mystery and beauty." Mystery and beauty are, indeed, the predominant characteristics of Poe's best work, and in many of his tales are harmoniously combined.



BOSTON'S LITTERATEURS. — (See page 26.)

INTERCOLLEGIATE CHESS.

BELOW are given the very last closing scenes of the tournament for the college chess championship, the high contestant parties being Columbia, Yale, Princeton and Harvard. The final round was full of genuine excitement. Columbia and Harvard were so evenly matched at the close that even the expert was content to tip the scale of his judgment as to the result in response to the colors he wore.

Harvard won indeed; but it was a close call. The first college to score was Columbia; but after a long period Harvard came up with a tie. The final scores were as follows: Harvard, 8½ won, 3½ lost; Columbia, 8 won, 4 lost; Yale, 3½ won, 8½ lost; Princeton, 4 won 8 lost. The players were Price and Ross for Columbia, Ryder and Southard for Harvard, Arnstein and Murdoch for Yale, Elmer and Seymour for Princeton. On the final play Price of Columbia looked an easy winner against Seymour, but that doughty warrior, it seemed, was to bow in the tournament before Ross only; as it was, Price lost on a blunder. Seymour, by the way, won all of Princeton's 4; while Ross, the leader in individual play, had a record of 5.

The victory of Harvard by one half-game—an extra draw merely—gives that University the championship for another year. It was a hard-fought victory.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN, whose charming novel, "The Red Cockade," is one of the best-read books of to-day, is hard at work upon a new historical novel. He is an author who reminds one irresistibly of his own works. Few other writers seem identified with theirs. Mr. Weyman, then, is animated, blue-eyed and frank in the extreme. He will tell you all about his work, if you ask him, how carefully he writes, and how he will devote a whole week to a single chapter, if he thinks the chapter demands it. He simply has no patience with careless writers. "Careless writing," he said, not long ago, "is dead before its birth." And he quotes the work of Rudyard Kipling, Stevenson and Conan Doyle, as owing much of its success to the care bestowed upon it. As a conversationalist he is singularly fascinating.

THE EMPRESS of Russia is very much delighted with her baby daughter. Together mother and child make a pretty picture in the boudoir where the Empress passes her mornings. This room, *apropos*, is fitted up after her own taste, with pale-colored carpets, and velvet hangings, and satinwood furniture. A wooden dado runs all round the room, upon which repose books—English, French, German and Russian—without number. The Empress speaks Russian well, and charms her husband by singing his favorite national

airs. As for the flowers in pots and vases which adorn her rooms, the scent of them is overpowering. For the Empress positively loves flowers, and crowds every corner with roses, camellias and branches of greenery. No one is allowed to arrange the precious blossoms but herself.

THE sacred scarab, or beetle, of Egypt, was the "tumble insect" which forms bits of manure into a ball for laying its eggs in. Two individuals, male or female, always roll the ball together, and they do this merely for the purpose of conveying it to a safe place and hiding it. This insect was regarded as a symbol of the Creator among the Hindoos, from whom the idea passed into Egypt. The ball was imagined to represent the world because it was round, and was supposed to be rolled from sunrise to sunset.

POE first thought of his poem "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house (a stranger to him), walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of the famous poem.

THE common slang word "mash" is from a beautiful gypsy word, "mafada," which means "to charm by the eyes."



THE FINISHING GAMES OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHESS TOURNAMENT



THE SHIPWRECKED.—FROM THE PAINTING BY V. D. BRETON.

BOSTON'S LITTERATEURS.

BY LIDA A. THURCHILL.

SOME one has remarked that Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells should have been born with her bonnet on, as it would have saved such an infinite amount of time and trouble afterward; and one who in thought follows Mrs. Wells in her daily rounds, which in their windings in and out resemble Tennyson's brook, realizes the philosophy of the observation.

The old-time character structure had one, perhaps two, sides, and a jutting end or two. The modern character is all sides, and each may be as broad as the others. The character of Mrs. Wells is no exception to this rule. Her father was Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, D.D., who was the successor of Dr. Channing at the Arlington Street Church, and a cousin of Rev. Dr. George Gannett, who kept the famous young ladies' school of earlier Boston. The descendant of a long line of clergymen, writers and scholars, Kate Gannett could scarcely have been an ordinary woman. The executive ability and genius for leadership which belong to the family are in her strongly asserted. She is originator, promoter, or president—sometimes all three—of many clubs and other organizations for women—the benefactor who gave to the city children the schoolyard playgrounds, which, under the care of selected teachers, are maintained at the public expense, all through the summer, and the power through which are generated many other things which serve noble purposes, and which only keen foresight could have perceived, and indomitable energy and a widely opened purse could have developed.

Mrs. Wells is at the head of the Boston remonstrants against woman's political enfranchisement, and, as has been well said, "yearly goes up to the State House to prove that women should never be allowed to go there."

How this constant burden-bearer and bonnet-wearer ever finds time in which to write is a mystery, but write she does—books and essays which show a clear understanding, a keen discrimination and a polished, literary style. A marked ethical vein runs through her writings, which never reach the heights of passion or descend to the plain of commonplace. That she is a critical observer and shrewd delineator of human character is shown in the volume entitled "About People," and in "Miss Curtis." Her most popular story is "Two Modern Women," which was published in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1890.

Kate Gannett married Samuel Wells, the lawyer. In her handsome home in the Back Bay district she often entertains her friends in a quiet but elegant way.

In 1879 there appeared in the college paper, the *Harvard Lampoon*, a story called "A Little Tin God on Wheels." From this satire on Boston society the author, Robert Grant, expected nothing more than to amuse his companions of the University, but it proved a key which opened to him the portals of the successful literary world. The story having become so extremely popular, was reissued by Charles W. Sever, the Cambridge publisher, and instantly brought its author into wide notice.

Mr. Grant is blessed with a diversity of gifts. That while studying law with an assiduity which has brought him to the judge's bench of the Boston Probate Court he should have produced stories which place him among the most popular and sought-for authors of the day, is surely a marvelous achievement. So evenly has he held fact and fancy balanced in his head and heart that the lawyer has been true to and eminently successful in the law, while the standard of the author has been constantly lifted to a higher elevation.

"The King's Men," one of Mr. Grant's earlier productions, met with marked favor, and his "Knave of Hearts," a fairy story, is delightful reading for young and old. Perhaps never before has there been given so true and intuitive an interpretation of the character of the typical society girl as is revealed in his "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," which was published in 1880, but even this story is eclipsed by "The Reflections of a Married Man," which, in 1893, ran through *Scribner's Magazine* as a serial. Here the never-settled question of making small means meet the demands of cultivated minds, and hearts which yearn for richness and beauty, is dealt with with an insight and understanding which one wonders how Mr. Grant, being himself a man of ample means, came to possess.

The writings of Mr. Grant are in great demand, and should the judge wholly forsake the bench for the library-table, there would be in his life no idle hours.

Mr. Grant brought from the Provinces a fair young girl to be his wife, and his home is in a handsome house on fashionable Marlboro' Street. The author-judge is one of the handsomest men in the city, and his manner is one befitting his legal position and literary reputation.

Mr. Arlo Bates, author and poet, is a native of Maine, and a graduate of that University which gave Longfellow his diploma—Bowdoin College. Mr. Bates is professor of Literature at the Boston School of Technology, and his home is on the wide, semi-suburban street called Massachusetts Avenue. He married Miss Vose, a lady of fine spiritual nature and marked literary gifts, who wrote under the pen-name of "Eleanor Putnam," and to whom his poems, "Berries of the Brier," are dedicated. Since her death some years ago he has remained unmarried.

"A Wheel of Fire," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1885, was perhaps Mr. Bates's most pronounced literary success, though "The Pagans," "The Philistines," and "A Book of Nine Tails" are all popular stories. Nowhere does Mr. Bates better display the humorously satiric style of which he is so skillful a master than in the quiet little story called "Patty's Perversities." The poetic and tender side of his nature comes out in his poems, many of which have a yearning sweetness which speak of thoughts which turn themselves inward to the deep places of the heart for inspiration.

Mr. Bates goes little into society. He has a finely sensitive nature, a reserved manner, and the true scholar's shrinking from contact with the material things of the world.

One evening—a night of large-floored, slowly-falling snow—a visitor followed her card up to one of the rooms of that perfection of hotels, the Brunswick, which had been designated as the parlor of Lidan

Whiting. The visitor had formed what she believed to be an accurate mini-picture of this woman of importance. A tall figure, a bit angular, soberly draped, dark-brown, classically arranged hair, a cold manner, and a slow way of speaking. The door opened, and never was there a more emphatic proof of the fallibility of human imagination. A slight, girlish figure in a white, lace-bastrewn frock—meet garment for one with sunny, curling hair and bright, blue eyes—held out an eager welcoming hand, and with that mixture of dignity and sweet cordiality which combine to make a remarkably charming manner, drew the visitor into the book-lined, fire-lit room, where, basking in the warm graciousness, and held by the fascinating conversation of her hostess, she utterly forgot the flight of time, and at last rose in dismay to find that an intended few minutes' call had lengthened into a two hours' visit.

One day in 1880 a young girl, whose inheritance from generations of preachers, teachers and authors—among whom was Cotton Mather—was a necessity to write, stood before the editor of the Boston *Traveller* asking for a place on his staff. "We want no women; we have tried them," said the editor.

"But you have not tried me," replied the eager-voiced applicant. The bright audaciousness of the answer evidently had its effect, for she was immediately engaged.

After a year's miscellaneous work on the *Traveller* Miss Whiting was made its literary editor, and under her management the paper came to be quoted as one of the leading literary authorities of the daily press. In 1890 she resigned her position on the *Traveller* to become the editor-in-chief of the Boston *Budget*, a weekly publication of literature, affairs and society. Under her management the paper, for which she did the entire editorial work, book reviews and other matter, more than quadrupled its circulation in two years. In 1893 Miss Whiting resigned the editorship of the *Budget*, and has since devoted herself to contributive work, finding time far too short in which to fill the orders which she receives from the leading periodicals and magazines of the day.

Miss Whiting's style is logical, finished and, withal, exceedingly warm and vivid. Indeed, she may be said to employ three distinct styles which are manifested in her brilliant editorials, her intuitive articles on the spiritual and mental problems of the day, and in her poems, tender as young moonlight, soft as the caresses of the low tide's tiny waves.

A volume of these poems, under the winsome title "From Dreamland Sent," has been published by Roberts Brothers. Every copy of the initial edition was sold before the book was offered for general sale.

Few things in the English language equal the subtle underthought and poetic perfection of the dainty two-stanza poem entitled "Two Days":

"You gave me roses, love, last night
When the sea was blue and the skies were bright,
And the earth was aglow with a golden light,
When you gave me roses, love, last night,
Lilies lay by your side to-day,
And your face, it is colder and whiter than they;
And I linger and listen and wonder and pray,
As I bring you lilies to-day."

Miss Whiting is engaged in the preparation of a biography of Mrs. Browning, which will ere long be published. This journalist-author-poet is a favorite in society, and is seen at many of the literary and social gatherings of the city.—(See page 24.)

HIRING GUESTS IN LONDON.

You will understand from what you already know of me that I could in nowise have avoided overhearing the remark of Miss Ridley-Churton to her younger sister. I was waiting until Mrs. Ridley-Churton should arrive, and the two young ladies were looking out of the window in the next room, the one facing Portchester Terrace. "Look, Trixie!" I heard, "isn't that man on the other side of the road exactly like the hired guest mother had in at my birthday dinner?" I heard no more at the moment, but when I had finished interviewing Mrs. Ridley-Churton (she is a very well-known actress in public life) upon her recent success, for publication elsewhere, I adroitly turned the conversation to the topic of professional guests, and at length bluntly asked her whether she had ever had to call one in upon any emergency. She laughed, and said vaguely that it was vexing to have to do such a thing, doubtless. "No, but have you?" I persisted. "Oh, yes, once," she replied, "through an unfortunate disappointment."

"Please tell me about it."

"Oh, it was nothing."

"That's what Mr. Toole used to say in *Walker, London*. But I should really like to know."

"Well, if you must know, I had arranged a dinner-party to celebrate the birthday of my daughter, Phoebe, last February."

"What age did the young lady attain then, may I ask?"

"Good gracious, man, whatever next! We were to sit down fifteen at table, and a couple of hours before dinner-time a telegram came to say that Mr. and Mrs. ——— would be unable to attend in consequence of the death of a near relative. I was vexed, of course, but did not realize the full significance of the disaster until Phoebe screamed and cried out that that would mean thirteen sitting down to table. Then I admit I became alarmed. I don't know that I, personally, should be frightened to sit down one of thirteen, but as hostess it would have been an unpleasant thing for me should any of my guests have qualms about the unlucky number, and I had to guard against the contingency. First of all we debated whether we could reduce the gathering to twelve, but there was nobody we could possibly weed out. Then we deliberated whether there was any neighboring friend we could dare to invite at such short notice—and there wasn't. I had heard from a lady friend that guests could be hired from William Whiteley's, but I had never really seriously credited it. There was no help for it, however, but to make the experiment; and it was a load off my mind when Whiteley's message came back that a guest should be at my house at eight promptly, and that the fee would be one guinea."

"And he arrived and played the guest satisfactorily?"

"Yes, very well indeed, except that he overdid it a trifle. I had suggested to him that he should be a second-cousin just returned to England—for he mentioned that he knew Canada well; and he did not forget to apply what Gilbert calls 'corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.' All through the dinner he would persist in talking about our mutual relative in Toronto in a manner which quite embarrassed me. But altogether he was a polished and engaging man, with quite an unusual flow of bright conversation."

"Then he rather put some of your genuine guests in the shade?"

"Ah! now I must wish you a very good-morning." This somewhat abrupt application of the closure led me to seek Mr. William Whiteley himself for further information. I found him busy universally providing at Westbourne Grove, and I hoped I didn't intrude. He assured me I didn't; and when I brought up the topic of his professional guests, he talked about them freely.

"Have you any guests in stock you can show me?" I asked.

"Not exactly in stock, but my manager has a good register of suitable guests, from whom we can always get a few here for customers to choose from—that is, if they get time to come and make a preliminary inspection; but usually they have to leave that to our discretion, because they want the guest or guests all in a hurry upon some emergency."

"But your orders in the hired guest department are not exclusively emergency orders?"

"No; perhaps a gentleman and his wife come to London. They are absolute strangers, knowing nobody we'll say. They scratch an acquaintance with a neighbor, and invite him to dinner. Naturally they like to impress that neighbor, and they get an agreeable company of guests by paying us from a guinea a head for them, and traveling expenses. The evening is a pleasant one on the principle of the more the merrier, and that is very likely the start of a round of social engagements for those erstwhile strangers within our gates."

Then I remembered that these interviews would be read somewhere about Christmas.

"And at Christmas?" I said. "Do you help the organizers of festive gatherings, then?"

"I have done so, indeed, and not infrequently. The fact is that London is so big a place that every sort of need exists somewhere within its limits, and has to be met by the universal provider who has any proper pride. Yes, my guests have been called to family gatherings at Christmas."

"But some of your guests are hired by quite a higher class of society than such a case would represent, eh?"

"Oh, yes, dancing men, in particular, we send to some of the best houses."

"As, for instance, er—er—"

"No, I don't think I can mention names. My customers might not like it. But the Mayfair or the Belgravia damsel does not lack partners in well-arranged crushes. You may draw your own inferences."

"You must have some men of good form on your register, then?"

"We have, indeed, including several barristers to whom the briefs do not exactly flock, and other professional men. We are careful not to admit any one of doubtful position or respectability."

"Are education and appearance the only requirements for eligibility for your register, or do the pseudo-guests have to be able to sing and entertain generally?"

"Oh dear, no. We only want them to be gentlemanly in looks, manners and address. Entertainers are quite another branch of my business. I supply people who do the Corny Grain business, from any price up to ten guineas; but my guests may sing or not at their option."

"I should like a chat with one of those guests. Will you arrange it?"

"Certainly, I'll send one to see you."

When he came I knew he was a professional guest before he mentioned the name of Whiteley. He was rather too well groomed, too spick and span altogether to give one the idea of being really well dressed, and his mustache was waxed out abominably. Stipulating only that names, especially his own, should not be made public, he was quite ready to gossip about his evening engagements.

"I mean to say," he remarked, "that Mr. Whiteley hit upon an excellent and a commendable scheme when he commenced to find guests for those who might require them. Here am I, a man with a public school education, who has traveled extensively, who has kept himself well informed, and who has read largely; why the deuce shouldn't I take a vacant seat at a West End table, or participate in the fun of a rout? I am an insurance agent by day, and, being a bachelor, I find it very congenial occupation of an evening to join in whatever gayety offers by reason of the inclusion of my name on the Westbourne Grove register. I've had some of the jolliest times imaginable in that way, and between you and me I am coming to be a tolerably fair judge of a good dinner."

"Don't you feel isolated, not knowing your fellow-guests?"

"Never. If it's a small gathering, the people of the house for their own sakes take good care to brief me about who I am and who the others are; and, if it's a large party, I am not the only person present who is in the midst of strangers. Many a genuine guest knows very little more about his host and hostess than I do. But, speaking of being posted up in the affairs of the *ménage*, I have been the distant relative of some dozens of folk whose names you'll find in the Blue Book, and I have had to play my role not only at the particular functions at which I have been engaged, but in the outer world once or twice. For instance, in the Park once, I met some people who had been fellow-guests with me at a small dinner an evening or two before, and I to my consternation they came up and stopped to talk. It was with difficulty that I recollected exactly who I had been and what I had said on the occasion of our introduction, and I had to play for safety with ambiguous chatter for a minute or two, until I recovered my bearings."

"Were you ever fairly stumped in conversation?"

"Never quite; but once dreadfully near it. Two people at a dance were talking to me about a child,

whom they spoke of as Violet. I asked some small question about Violet, to keep the ball rolling, and their eyes opened in astonishment. "Why," they exclaimed, "Mrs. — (mentioning our hostess) said you were out riding with her this morning!" "Oh, Violet! Yes," I answered, hurriedly, "I was thinking of another Violet — Violet Perkins." But I didn't breathe freely until they moved along, all the same.

"Have you ever had an adventure at one of these functions?"

"No, nothing in particular. Thought I was going to once, though. The daughter of the house made desperate and open love to me. I was placed in a predicament. I knew the girl was perfectly aware who I was, and that being so I was inclined to see the thing through, for she was a most charming girl. Then I reflected that it wouldn't be fair to Whiteley's to involve them in trouble with the girl's mother, who would be bound to blame me. However, I was only human, and when Miss Gertrude asked me to sit out dance after dance in the conservatory I took it on like a bird, as Herbert Spencer would say. All the time there was a handsome young fellow keeping near at hand, throwing the blackest of looks at me. I didn't care a red cent about him and his jealousy while I had those violet eyes to gaze into and that merry little laugh to hear—and then, suddenly, this youth with the thunder in his face came and spoke to the girl, and they went off together, cutting me as dead as a dodo. She had been playing me off against her lover during one of their little quarrels, and the reconciliation having arrived she had no further use for me. I was chagrined at the time, but it was just as well. I've worked an insurance policy on the lives of both of them since then."

LABOR LEADERS INTERESTED.

JOINT STOCK LABOR UNIONS.

It is no small thing to have taken the initiative in propounding a novel and practical solution of the social problem. COLLIER'S WEEKLY takes pride in finding that a prompt and hearty response has been made by leading persons in the labor movement to its original suggestion of adding the joint stock feature to labor unions. The idea is born of practical and honest purpose and promises to furnish a matter for discussion among the thinking element of the unions for some time to come.

Mr. W. C. Pomeroy, who was the delegate from the Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly to the late convention of the American Federation of Labor, said in reference to the Joint Stock Labor Union scheme: "You have struck the trades unions with a well-concentrated idea at an opportune moment. We have just turned Socialism down and hope to bury it shortly. There is no room for such fads in this country. The happy medium is always the most satisfactory point to strike in the affairs of this life. That is a point, so far as government is concerned, midway between anarchy and monarchy, and in my opinion pure Jeffersonian-Jacksonian-Tom Payne democracy is good enough for any one. I believe that the Constitution of the United States is an inspired document. It will stand as the bulwark of government on this earth forever. Your idea is thoroughly in accord with the fundamental principles of the Constitution, and therefore has my hearty approval. I recognize the necessity of dollars behind the labor movement. Organized capital rules the world to-day, but when organized labor becomes a combination of dollars and muscle the battle will be won."

"As an instance of what aggregation means I may point to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, which was built of the ten-cent pieces of working people. If such magnificent structures can be erected by massing together a number of dimes, what could be done with dollars? There are three million organized workers in the United States. They are divided between numerous national and international organizations, the most important of which is the American Federation of Labor. These unions have already ten million dollars in the hands of their treasurers. An assessment of one dollar per member, per month, with ordinary interest accrued, would, by the end of the year, place in the common treasury nearly fifty million dollars. With such a sum properly invested, judiciously but aggressively managed, the banded trades unions would become a financial factor too enormous in proportions to be despised. Any plan which would meet the approval of the thinkers of the labor movement would result in raising this vast sum of money. It would be a joint stock company of three million stockholders, representing an equal number of consumers, each eager to advance the interest of such concerns as held their money. That would result in increased demand for the product of such concerns. Inasmuch as the trades union movement would have the direction of the enterprises, it readily follows that none but union wage-workers would be employed. This would result in an increased demand for union labor. That is the *summum bonum* of the trades union propaganda."

John Tasker, ex-president of the Board of Delegates of the Building Trades of New York City, expressed himself as follows:

"I think your idea, although strictly legitimate and extremely timely, is the most revolutionary one that has been offered for the consideration of the solid thinkers of the present century. Things have been merely drifting along up to the present time, and the upward march of labor has been a series of battles against privilege and power. There is a dead-set idea in this country against taking anything away from any one who has made it by the sheer force of their own character and by embracing opportunities which exist for all. Therefore Socialism has not advanced to any extent here. It will of course take time to educate us up to the point of having absolute reliance on ourselves to undertake financial responsibilities; but I see no way that we can turn with a better hope of achieving what we desire than by going in for your Joint Stock Labor Union idea. It is absurd to think that we who create

the wealth should meekly accept whatever portion of it is doled out to us by those to whom we yield up the entire control of it. I think that the advancement of the scheme will naturally be gradual, but the sooner it is brought to the attention of the working people the better. I have for some time taken a stand against the strike method, because it advances us nothing, while we are unable to enforce our demands by it. The Building Trades Council of New York, which it was my hope to see become a success, was planned to adjust differences between employers and ourselves because the absolute futility of strikes is becoming a patent fact to all of us. We may as well accept the truth that we can only get on even ground with capital by adopting its own tactics."

Jacob E. Bausch, secretary of the New York Central Labor Union, says:

"We have come to the point where labor must take care of itself. It can no longer be the ward of capital. The relations between itself and capital have been changing gradually in the last few years, until they have reached a definite stage. It is entirely due to the fact that labor is not managed and handled as skillfully as capital that it does not obtain the full advantage in its transactions with the latter. We may not have actually arrived at the position where we can manage our affairs as well as capital does, but in the long run we shall do so. Education and business training are all on the side of capital. Labor has not arrived at the true estimate of its own strength. One of the great defects on our side is that there is no guiding principle to keep us united. Capital is firm, tenacious and successful because it has the business motive back of it. There are too many theories and isms floating around which divert the best men in the labor movement from a sound and profitable course. We want to get rid of all this kind of thing and leave revolutionary or evolutionary ideas to develop of their own momentum. They should be no part or parcel of the labor movement. We have ample to do in attending to our own interests without trying to work out the salvation of humanity just at present. I heartily agree with the idea of having workmen take care of their own money. I believe that there is really as much brains and honesty, if less training in business matters, among us as is scattered elsewhere among the community. I fail to see why working people should not have confidence enough in themselves to take care of their own savings. They should take care of their own interests in every particular, and, of course, the joint stock feature added to the labor union would be a proper development of this instinct. I can readily see that the most able men in the labor field would soon be in charge of the business interests thus created. The formation of such unions would serve as a tremendous incentive to the people themselves to save and accumulate funds. It would promote thrift and develop a higher capacity on the part of the wage-earners. New fields would be open to them to conquer. Labor would no longer be the patient beggar waiting on the whim or caprice of capital. Instead of being ground down to the lowest basis of existence we would be able to demand equal rights from our employers, which we cannot now obtain."

Mr. Henry C. Barter, president of the Detroit Trades and Labor Council and secretary-treasurer of the International Longshoremen's Association, said:

"You have got hold of a sterling idea, and if it should be taken up and agitated it will be the means of strengthening the labor organizations wonderfully. While you have presented the scheme of the Joint Stock Labor Union in a complete manner, developments in this direction have been growing up for years in the labor movement. For instance, in Detroit we have what may be termed a Joint Stock Longshoremen's Union. When a cargo is to be handled one of the members of the union makes a deal for the job. All share alike in the work, dividing the money received for it equally among themselves."

Mr. J. F. O'Sullivan, president of the Boston Central Labor Union, said in relation to the Joint Stock Labor Union matter:

"I consider this to be one of the schemes of co-operation that ought to be encouraged. People hesitate to go into these enterprises because of their newness and the possibility of failure which is apt to follow an investment of any kind. Even if the introduction of such methods on the part of labor leads to some failures at first, valuable lessons will be learned in a departure which must sooner or later be taken by labor. I earnestly urge all who believe in testing the various plans for the amelioration of the wage-worker's condition to give this matter consideration. It is an original and bold proposition. I would not be surprised if it met with the same opposition from capital as the older forms of co-operation have done."

Mr. William Ivory, an ex-president of the Board of Delegates of New York City, said:

"In the great strikes that we have had, recently, we have keenly felt the want of funds to maintain our fight for the principles on which we are organized. Money talks in our line as well as in every other. In 1892 I made a proposition to the Board for a per capita assessment to be levied on all our members for the purpose of forming a fund to be used in case of strikes. However the matter is managed, there is no question but that we shall be in no shape to battle for our own interests until we have the backing of capital to help us through."

Mr. Cowie, a delegate from the British Trades Union Congress to the late convention of the American Federation of Labor, was not in favor of the Joint Stock Labor Union. In his opinion the working classes do not understand business and will burn their fingers whenever they undertake it. "Co-operated concerns, except those for productive purposes, have been unsuccessful with us and hundreds of thousands of dollars which might yet have been in the British savings banks have been wasted in them," said the Englishman.

It was suggested to Mr. Cowie that there was a great difference between the American and the European wage-workers. The real trouble with the American workmen, so far as organizing them is concerned, is that they are not settled enough in their purposes. They all expect to go into business for themselves some day, and are therefore preparing for any opportunities that may develop. The most successful business men

that the United States has produced were in the early part of their lives employed at manual labor.

Let us hear from practical men connected with the labor movement all over the country on this subject. Our columns will afford a friendly and neutral ground for a discussion of the matter. Even capitalists and business men can give us the benefit of their opinions on the question for the mutual service of all. There is no reason why labor and capital should not clasp hands over the narrow chasm, becoming, once and for all, friendly rivals instead of disgruntled opponents. Surely this would be a better feeling to cultivate than the one which now prevails.

TASTING GLASSES.

It is related that in the fourteenth century Pope Clement VI. had made specially a number of peculiar "tasting glasses," as they were called in those days. Their special use was to test the new vintages of Avignon. It was customary for the gentry to visit each other when the new wine was ready for use and to taste it with a view to ascertaining its quality. At least seven of these glasses were made specially for Pope Clement in pretty much the same form as the modern champagne glass, only larger, with twisted stems, strong foot, and each bowl stamped on the bottom with a good portrait of the Pope himself. Five of these are still treasured by influential residents of Avignon.

Mr. M. J. Plarr gives an interesting account of these glasses in an article published in a recent number of *The Argosy*:

"The glasses were not only valuable in themselves," says Mr. Plarr, "but thought almost to be gifted with some magical property of appreciation. If the wine was good the image at the bottom of each glass smiled and beamed contentedly; if it were a poor vintage, the image would frown."

M. d'Aurillac of Avignon was the proud possessor of one of these celebrated glasses, and by no means indifferent to it. It was kept under lock-and-key in a corner cupboard with a glass door which showed the box that held it; but the tasting glass was only to be seen and handled on the rarest occasions, and then with the utmost care. His wife and daughter—he had no son—were not allowed to touch it; not that it was so slight, but so precious. It was always solemnly brought out on the occasion of tasting the new wine at the vintage, and each time as surely as he produced it he would observe to his friend, the Baron Theoret, about it:

"Ah! *mon ami*, what would you not give to have a glass like this to taste in?" and he smacked his lips triumphantly.

"It was a curious relic, and the Baron was a collector; but at last he used to get a little annoyed at the continual joke about it, and took refuge in retorting: 'If it be not broken I will find one of the lost glasses and have one like yours'; but year after year passed, and the old gentleman had always his glass and his joke to himself."

"One afternoon before the grapes were ripe, the Baron was caught in a heavy rain as he passed through a little narrow street of a small town he seldom visited. The storm came on so suddenly, and the rain was so heavy, he looked about him for some shelter, and saw close by a shabby shop for second-hand furniture, kept by a man of whom he had sometimes bought a few old coins. The wife recognizing him begged him to come inside for shelter, and he did so, and looked round him wishing to buy a trifle of her for her civility, as her husband was not at home."

"Have you anything new?" he asked.

"No, monsieur, nothing worth showing you; only some few old things my husband has not had time to look over yet."

"The Baron turned to see what they were—old books, old engravings, but not of a kind he cared for. The rain stopped, and he was just preparing to leave, when lo! a sudden gleam of sunshine fell on the foot of an old glass with a twisted stem, dusty and dim, lying under an old shabby curtain."

"Very cautiously, but trembling with anxiety, he drew it out and looked in the bowl. Yes! there was no mistaking it; it was one of the two missing glasses, and the blurred image of the old Pope was visible through the dirt and dust that covered it."

"What do you want for this?" he asked, holding it up.

"Twelve francs," said the woman, half expecting a demur over so exorbitant a price.

"The Baron paid the twelve francs gladly, wrapped it up in his handkerchief and carried it home in triumph, only too delighted to have found it."

"He kept his secret, but was very eager for the vintage that year; and when at last it did come around and Monsieur d'Aurillac was announced, and came in with his leather case and his usual look of triumph, and pulled out his glass with a flourish of trumpets, the Baron looked hypocritically downcast and envious. The usual formula was gone through, the old gentleman rubbed round and round his glass and said: 'Now for His Holiness to pronounce upon this,' and the Baron's slowness to respond was in itself suspicious."

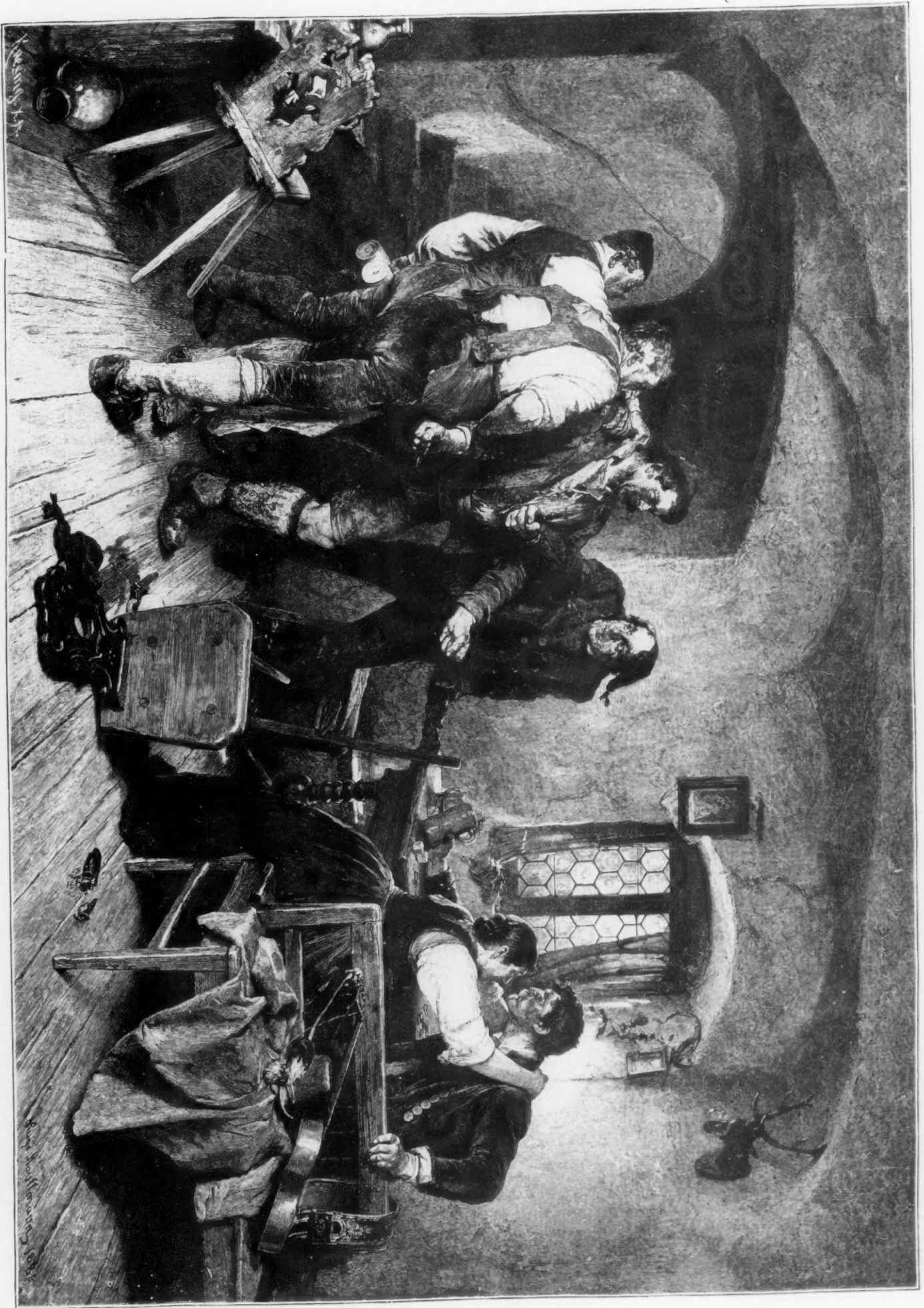
"They sat at a little table, and from the draw on his side he also drew out a glass, and rubbed it round and round carefully, and when he held it up and filled it, the Pope's smile beamed out from a second goblet. Monsieur d'Aurillac's surprise and the Baron's delight may be imagined, when he said quite casually: 'I picked this trifle up the other day for a mere song, and I need not trouble you to lend me yours again.'"

"The old gentleman was generous enough to be much pleased that the missing glass had been found, and that his friend was the finder. Sometimes the younger man says he will go in search of the last of the seven; if he has done so, and succeeded, he has not as yet announced it; but at the moment I write the vintage is not yet ripe."

"One friend urged me to make this little incident more romantic; that the Baron was poor and in love with the daughter of the rich old proprietor, and she only to be allowed to marry the one who should find the lost tasting glass; but as it is perfectly true, I prefer to tell it just as it happened."



A POOR CATCH.



RIVAL SUITORS.

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

HAPPY THOUGHTS' LITTLE GIRL.



BANNER OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

"Now, Joey, suppose you tell us something more about your Happy Thought Club," I said, coaxingly, one evening when Joey was again with us, and he had taken his favorite position directly in front of the glowing grate fire.

"I was just considering which one of all our happy thoughts might prove most interesting," he responded, smiling, "for I felt confident that you would want to know more about the doings of our club. I do not know that what I have in mind will amount to much as a story, but of that you can best judge after the recital."

I brought forth note-book and pencil, and Joey thoughtfully arose to place a light stand by the side of my chair; then, resuming his seat, he continued:

"I told you that our club did Christmas for the old people at the poorhouse, and right here I want to say that almost the best result, if not the very best, of all our club undertakings, was the education it gave us in regard to the value of money and the real nobility of work. We learned that if anything was wanted there was but one certain way to obtain it, and that was through honest work; and with a noble purpose in view, something to be done for others, even the most common tasks became dignified in themselves and dignified us in the doing. I do not believe that a single member of that club has in the years since felt that any outside circumstance could degrade her or him, but that the real degradation would come from the shirking of honest labor when it became necessary, or would prove helpful, and from the indulgence of weak or unworthy pride. We learned that all the world were brothers and sisters, and one object for which we were placed here was to help those less fortunate than ourselves."

"Good, Joey!" I said, with a little hand-clap of approval.

"For New Year's Eve we had a jolly party planned. It was unlike any other I have ever attended or even heard of, and so perhaps an account of it may prove interesting to present club members. The party was to be given by Hattie Arnold. Her father was a lawyer and very wealthy. The Arnolds lived in a large house and kept plenty of servants, so we expected an unusually fine time, not forgetting that the supper would probably be a 'good deal of a spread,' to quote Dick Thomson, who was very fond of the pleasures of the table."

"Will you please name a healthy, happy boy or girl, at the 'growing stage,' who is not?" I asked.

"Impossible! I never knew of one," responded Joey. "Our expectations were more than realized during the first part of the evening. Shadow pantomimes, and some of the jolliest I ever saw, were given, and Judge Arnold himself delighted us with magical tricks and ventriloquism, in which latter art it seems he was quite an adept, although we had always previously supposed him to be very dignified, and had felt a little in awe of Hattie's father. With these and with music, the evening passed very rapidly until the summons to supper came. Then what was our astonishment to find that instead of being marshaled into the large dining-room we were shown into the little breakfast-room where the oddest imaginable supper had been spread. A week or two before every member of the club had been asked, in a joking way, what was his or her favorite article of food. At first the question had been answered seriously, and then, seeing fun ahead, the oddest replies had been made. Julia Hunt had said, 'Edible birds'-nests-eggs, shells and all.' Belle had replied, 'Crullers.' Aggie, 'Brown bread and butter.' Dick, 'Baked potato.' Some one else, 'Fried fish.' I had said, 'Chicken salad, so I was all right. But some were badly sold, for there was but one tiny portion of food on every plate, nothing else before us, and it was just what each had said was best liked. Julia Hunt's birds'-nest was made of candy, and so was edible, 'shells and all.' Of course it was a practical joke, and as a rule I know that practical jokes are to be despised; but this was harmless. There were too many in the same company for any one to feel aggrieved, and I assure you that, although it was a disappointment, we had lots of fun out of it."

"We sat at table a long while, especially considering the scarcity of viands, laughed and made merry, and finally, just as we were rising, the double doors between the little breakfast-room and the large dining-room were thrown open, and there was a table fairly sparkling with bright silver and shining glass, handsomely decorated with flowers, and fairly loaded with a prime supper. Such shouts of laughter from well-bred children and the cheers that went up in that dining-room, I fancy had seldom been heard there; but Hattie Arnold led in the fun, so we knew it was all right. After supper we watched the old year out and the new year in, and then went home, our hearts filled with happy thoughts."

"But this is all a digression. I started to tell you of something else. Some of us had feared that after the grand holiday times the interest in our club would wane, but it didn't. There was a poor family in town who had found it very difficult for several years to earn a really comfortable living, and through no apparent fault of their own. If it had been I suppose that would have made it all the harder, even though people would have been less sympathetic. The family consisted of two sisters, one a widow with a dear little girl of six or seven years old, who had supported themselves by sewing. The maiden sister had so overtaxed her eyes that she must rest entirely, the doctor said, for several months, or she would be totally blind. And in order to certainly avoid such a calamity she ought to go to the city and be treated by a specialist. Her blindness, partial of course, came on the very New Year's Eve we

were having such a jolly time at Judge Arnold's. We became interested in them, and in less than two weeks our club had given an oyster supper that netted enough to send the blind sister away and secure treatment for her for several weeks. To be sure it was hospital treatment, but even that could not be entirely free, and then there were some extras that she would need and we wanted to provide her with."

"Soon after we gave a pound party, and that helped along wonderfully. At all our entertainments we always tried to have a real interesting literary and musical programme if nothing more, so that in any event people would feel repaid for coming. Judge Arnold let us have the pound party at his house, and that alone would have made it a success."

"Then we did real earnest work through all the spring and early summer to help them. We raised flowers and sold them, also greens for salads, and we were particular that they should be the very choicest varieties, and Julia Hunt's uncle invited us out there one day early in the season to pick strawberries, and let us have all the money that was realized from those we picked; and do you know we all became so proud and fond of that little girl that even after her aunt returned with eyesight 'as good as new,' and Mrs. Seaver and Miss Towle were managing real comfortably, we would not give up our care of her, but clothed the child for several years and I paid all the extras of her education; and there was not a child in all the town that had better advantages than little Lettie Seaver, or one that made better use of them. People used to speak of her as 'Happy Thoughts' Little Girl,' and that made us very proud—in the right way, of course—thankful that we could do some good, timid lest we make mistakes, and anxious lest we forfeit through some wrongdoing the good opinion that we had earned."

"Of course we never could have done all this for the family if the people in the town had not helped so generously. But as Angie said, that was always the way. Every good or happy thought just needed some one to start it, and all the world, almost, was ready to lend a hand. If the ball was only once in motion, every one was willing to give it a push."

New York, Dec. 19, 1895.

DEAR MRS. S. S. WOOD—I must say that the prettiest part of our meetings is considered that of reading your kind and endearing words where we find out what our brothers may I not call them by that name) are doing all over the United States. But I must blush when I think that in a city like New York (which is the largest city in the United States) there should not be the "Banner Club." Has it come to this that we should be outstripped by the others? It cannot be; for I will strive to make my club the "Banner Club" and I think that everything lies in my way to obtain it. I hope no one will have any ill-feeling toward me when I say this, for all want that honor. We are going to have another grand entertainment on Christmas afternoon and we have distributed invitations, one of which I cordially offer you, and to all the members of the H. T. C. We have also sent one to that other club which I have just read has been organized in this city. This is the way we will become acquainted; and will it not look lovely, all wearing our colors—

"Emblem of purity, pure snowy white,
With yellow's glad sunshine, and purple light sublime?"

By the way, I have forgotten to say that as soon as we received the song, every member made a copy of it, and now, thanks to my elder brother, whom we have made our singing master and who does not let a chance go by when he can praise the H. T. C., we sing that beautiful song and await some more from those dear hearts. We have at present sixteen members, four of whom were elected during the past two weeks. They are Masters Max Epstein, Joseph Freidberg, Frank Harris and Hyman Levy. We all expect to have a jolly time on Christmas, when Mr. Epstein will show us his musical and magical talents, when the Brody brothers will take the part of girls in an act entitled "The Blunder," and when they are dressed up we believe they will bring applause; but we must not tell out the secret. When it is over, then I will write it out completely for the benefit of all the members of my dear club.

BENJAMIN INDORSKY.

Your letter brings good cheer, for it shows very conclusively that the H. T. C. members are already beginning to learn one lesson I had hoped from the very beginning of the club work would be an outgrowth of it, and that is, the sense of relationship, of brotherhood. When we realize that all the world are brothers, then real, true religion is finding its way into our hearts. The world is to-day torn by conflicts, sorrow is oppressing with a heavy weight many lives just because this one grinding all joy out of many lives just because this one fact—the beautiful, the grand brotherhood of all humanity—is not recognized. If the Happy Thought Club draws us nearer with a feeling of brotherly kindness and sympathy to any one, it has begun a good work that I earnestly hope and pray will go on broadening and widening until more than our own circle of club members appeal to us as members of the same great family—having the same Heavenly Father in Whose sight all the children of men are precious.

No one can feel unkindly because you desire to make your club the "Banner Club." When all have the same inspiration then we shall have really begun to do our part in making this world happier and better. I wish that every member of every club would feel that he or she must do all that is possible to make his or her club the banner club. Thanks for your kind invitation. I had hoped until almost the last moment that other affairs and engagements would so shape themselves that I could have been present at your entertainment; but it was out of the question, and a real disappointment. Inviting the other city club was a happy thought, and I am sure that with the talent your own members furnished, the afternoon must have been very enjoyable. Your appreciative words in regard to my song gave me much pleasure. Please thank in my name the elder brother for his kind interest in your club, and the assistance he renders it. I await with interest your account of the entertainment.

New York, Dec. 21, 1895.

DEAR MADAM—Our fifth meeting was called to order by the president, the roll called and the money, which amounted to twenty-five cents, collected. The minutes were read and adopted and happy thoughts were given. It is a happy thought to enter, to aid the poor and to aid them with money, also to be kind to the old. A happy thought was also made to distribute toys among the poor and unhappy children. Songs were sung by Misses Bertha Solomon, Annie Heyman and Sarah Schwartz. A dialogue was recited by Misses Bessie Goldstein, Bertha Solomon and Mary Rosen-

blum. Two new members were also proposed. Finally a motion was made to adjourn. I remain, Yours respectfully,
ANNE CONES, President.
BERTHA SOLOMON, Secretary.

The happy thoughts were all those that will "bear practicing upon," as was once said of a good suggestion, meaning that the idea was so excellent a one it would be well to keep on doing it. We cannot be too kind or do too much for the aged. Young people have little idea how eager the grandmas and grandpas are for kindly attentions and how they appreciate little kindnesses. I hope our club will always have happy thoughts for the aged.

FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES.—To every organizer of the next five thousand Happy Thought Clubs, COLLIER'S WEEKLY offers a prize under the following conditions: Any book or books published by Mr. Collier to the value of \$2.50 will be given every organizer of a Happy Thought Club of ten members, provided he or she reports within ten days after seeing this announcement that a club has been formed, if within thirty days thereafter, or forty days from seeing this announcement, a charter and ten badges, or ten ten months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which includes four months' subscriptions to a club of fifteen members or over who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement, just what progress has been made, and within fifteen days shall report the club as complete, if thirty days thereafter, or forty-five days after seeing this announcement, a charter and fifteen badges, or fifteen four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been ordered. A handsome gold badge will be given the organizer of a club of twenty members or over, who shall report within ten days after seeing this announcement what progress has been made, and within twenty days shall report the club as complete, if the charter and twenty badges, or twenty four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have been received within thirty days thereafter, or within fifty days after seeing this announcement. It will count equally on a prize if badges alone, or a part of the members may order one and a part the other. The organizers of the first clubs completely equipped will be placed on our honor roll. COLLIER'S WEEKLY of October 31 contains very full instructions for organizing clubs.

CHARTER.—Our charter, size 18x24 inches, is really a hundred some work of art, and is printed in colors. Every club will, I am sure, wish to have theirs framed. The price is \$1.00; or it will be sent free as a present, to any club the members of which shall have ordered, sent to any address, eight four months' subscriptions to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. When ordering a charter, always send the names of those who assisted in organizing.

BADGES.—The price of the badges is fifty cents each; or a badge will be given free to any club member who shall send \$1.00 for a four months' subscription to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The paper will be sent to any address, but the order must be received from a member of some Happy Thought Club, to whom the badge will be mailed.

COLORS.—Light purple, suggestive of royalty—the royalty of purpose and heart; light yellow, of sunshine; and white, of purity, are the Happy Thought Club colors.

EMBLEMS.—Pansies, emblematic of thoughts, and the sweet sultan, of happiness, are our emblems. Our colors are those of the latter flower, and are also, of course, with many others, found in the pansy.

Address all communications to

THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB,
COLLIER'S WEEKLY.521-549 West 13th Street,
New York City.

COUPLETS.

Is every age and time we see
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.—GAY.

So, now the danger dared at last
Look back and smile at perils past.—SCOTT.

'Tis all in vain to keep a constant potter
About one vice and fall into another.—POPE.

When two agree in their desire
One spark will set them both on fire.—QUARLES.

For without transformation
Men become wolves on every slight occasion.—BYRON.

How much a dance that has been sent to roam
Exceeds a dance that has been kept at home.—COWPER.

O what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side.—SHAKESPEARE.

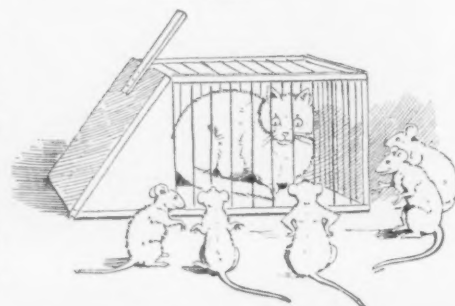
Poor thieves in halbers we behold;
And great thieves in their chains of gold.—QUARLES.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.—BYRON.

THE strong family likeness between the Czar of all the Russias and the Duke of York is not merely a chance one. The Czar has always had the greatest admiration for the Duke, and, as "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," delights in accentuating the natural resemblance by cutting his hair and beard, wearing the same clothes as his cousin of England—which, by the way, is not uncommon in Russia. Every family who can afford it has an English appendage of some sort, and most Russians speak English before they speak anything but their own language. When all the royal relations assembled for the funeral of the late Czar, the Duke of York was continually out walking in St. Petersburg; though unattended, he was invariably recognized and saluted as the new Czar.

NAILS have been noticed to grow on the stumps of fingers that have been amputated.

MARRIED people live longer than the unmarried, and civilized longer than the uncivilized.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT YOURSELF?

WELSH EISTEDDFODAN, AND SOME DESCRIPTION OF GOR- SEDD RITES.

BY ANTHONY DONNE.

AN idea has been mooted in connection with the Welsh National Eisteddfod, to be held at Llandudni in North Wales next year, that the Day of Independence should be marked as an "American Day" at the Eisteddfod proceedings, to which should be invited the American Minister to Great Britain and other distinguished Americans in the country at the time. Should this idea be carried into effect, all Welshmen will join in extending a hearty welcome and true Celtic hospitality to their visitors.

Some explanation of the Eisteddfod—that institution so peculiar to the Welsh nation—and of the Gorsedd may therefore be of interest. The Eisteddfod is a national musical and literary meeting of a competitive character; and the great assembly, patronized by the most eminent Welshmen of the day, and sometimes by royalty, that gathers in some large centre every July, is but a reproduction on a large scale of the smaller and local Eisteddfodan which are periodically held in every town and hamlet in the Principality. The objects of the Eisteddfod have been defined to be the cultivation of Welsh poetry, music and literature; to collect and to preserve the historical records of the Principality and its literary remains; to assist in the publication of works in the Welsh language; and, in every way, to foster native talent. Competitive feats in literature and in song form the national pastime, and indeed do much to cement the friendly ties that bind Welshmen so closely to each other all the world over.

The mainspring of the Eisteddfodan and the source of all its authority has ever been the Gorsedd, which dates back its origin to remotest antiquity. In 750 B.C. Tydain Tad Awen restored the Gorsedd to its proper basis, and so it flourished until A. D. 60, when a great slaughter of the bards by Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman general, put an end to that period of its history. The Gorsedd seems at that time to have corresponded in many respects to the Grecian Olympia of ancient days; while again, it was reproduced in some degree by the Saxon Witenagemot.

In it were united the legislature, the judiciary, the learning, the art, the literature, the music, the worship, the wisdom and the culture of the Cymry. History records little of the life of the Gorsedd during the long period of the Roman occupation in Britain. Then Urien Rheged re-established the Gorsedd in a new character. No longer the centre of the political and social, as well as the ecclesiastical life of the nation, it became merely a great Guild of Bards who held the King's charter and license to ply their bardic vocation under certain rules and with certain privileges. This bardic brotherhood did much for the cultivation of poetry and music, and for the general advancement of learning in Wales. The Gorsedd continued in this phase until the twelfth century, ending with the annexation of Wales by Edward I.; and for a long time its history is again obscured until with the general renaissance of the fourteenth century it was once more revived. Then appeared the elegant works of Dafydd of Gwilym, often regarded as the Welsh Ovid.

In 1451 Henry VI. issued a royal proclamation, in pursuance of which an Eisteddfod was held at Caermarthen. A great Eisteddfod was held at Caerwys in 1523, but perhaps the greatest of that period was that held again at Caerwys in 1568 after a proclamation by Queen Elizabeth. Then, after a long period of one hundred and fifty years, the Eisteddfod was once more revived with signal success in 1819. Royal Warrants were henceforth dispensed with, and a spontaneous desire to restore Welsh art to its ancient glory resulted in an extended popularity and increased success for the National Eisteddfodan which has been manifested throughout the present century until, in these latter years, the attendances number ten to twenty thousand people, and prizes are given amounting to hundreds of pounds.

In the Gorsedd fraternity were found the three degrees of Bard, Ovate and Druid. A bard had to show a thorough acquaintance with the rules of Welsh prosody, including the alliterative metres so peculiar to Welsh poetry; also a knowledge of certain Welsh classics, and moreover produce an original work of merit. An Ovate has to be well versed in music or in painting, in sculpture or science or philosophy; while the Druid must possess an adequate education in theology. A spotless character must be possessed by every member of the bardic brotherhood, and each should pre-eminently be a man of wisdom and of in-

dustry, of prudence and of peace. The provinces of the Principality are represented by four chairs, each with its motto. Those for North Wales are "O Jesus, suffer no wrong," and "Whoso slays shall be slain"; and those for South Wales are "Heart to Heart," and "God and all goodness."

To the wondering Saxon, the Gorsedd rites are very interesting and very quaint. An Eisteddfod must be proclaimed in the Gorsedd, in the "face of the sun, the eye of light," a year and a day before the date fixed. Only properly accredited bards are admitted within the mystic circle which is formed by twelve stones supposed to represent the twelve signs of the Zodiac. In the centre is placed the "Maen Llog," or Logan stone, which represents the sun as the centre of the solar system. The entrance to the sacred ring is at the east, and outside the circle at the entrance stand three stones possessing considerable importance. The middle one of the three represents the point of the rising sun at the vernal and autumnal equinoxes on March 21 and September 21, this being supposed to be due east. Looking from the centre of the circle, the left-hand stone of the three shows the point of the rising sun at the summer solstice on June 21, while in the right-hand stone is the point of the rising sun at the winter solstice on December 21. Drawing a line from each of the three stones through the corresponding stones in the circle until they meet at a point on the Logan stone, there is obtained the three rays of light. This, in the shape of a triangle or broad arrow, is the mystic symbol of the Eisteddfod, and is found on all documents and decorations connected with the Eisteddfod. The twelve stones forming the circle are usually of considerable historic interest, being often taken from ancient mounds, Druidical remains, or feudal castles.

Having entered the magic circle, the bards take up their positions at the stones, while the Archdruid, the Gorsedd bard and certain other Druids and bards guard the Logan stone. Another acts as "Keeper of the Porch," and the Gorsedd Esquire holds the sword. With bared heads the company listen to the solemn words of the Gorsedd prayer which is usually first said in Welsh and then repeated in English, apparently for the benefit of the ignorant Saxons round about the ring. The Gorsedd song is then chanted, some old Welsh air being selected; after which the sword is drawn as the Archdruid calls three times, "Aoes heddwch?" ("Is there peace?") All around answer, "Heddwch." ("Peace.") This question is the first asked at the opening and the last asked at the closing of a Gorsedd, and only when it has been asked and satisfactorily answered three times in succession can the sacred circle be opened or closed. And always is it peace; for the Gorsedd is the abode of peace, where all persons and all creeds meet in perfect harmony. Political rancor, religious controversy, personal hatred, or professional jealousy, are all forgotten within the Gorsedd circle, which admits of no envy, hatred or malice, but is all charity, love and peace. The statutory questions having been answered, the sword is held aloft before the Venerable Archdruid, who then proclaims the Eisteddfod with all formality. The sword is sheathed, and bardic addresses are delivered, varied possibly by penillion singing and harp solos. The bardic assembly sing "Hen Wlad py Nhadau"—the Welsh national air—and the Gorsedd is finally closed.

To every lover of poetry and antiquity the rites and ceremonies of this ancient institution of Wales will be interesting, and that they should fall into desuetude would be a matter of general regret. The Eisteddfodan have mainly helped to preserve the Welsh language and distinctive music and literature, while it has ever been, and always will be, the common bond of their nationality. Wherever in the wide world a company of Welshmen can meet together, a miniature Eisteddfod will be held, and bardic verse and old Celtic melody will revive and strengthen the intense love of country and of race that lies deep in every Welshman's heart. In spite of the Sassnach's contempt of the Eisteddfodan, these institutions still flourish to the encouragement of native art, and in spite of Sassnach prophecies that the Celtic tongue will soon be dead, "Borada" and "Noss da" will long remain the cheery morning and evening greetings as Welshmen meet his fellows amid the mountains and the vales of wild Cambria.

So has been fulfilled the ancient prophecy of Taliesin, the great Welsh bard of the sixth century, who sang:

"Eu Ner a folant; eu hiaith a gad want; eu tir a gollant, eu gwylt Wabia." ("Their God they shall worship, their language retain; their land they shall lose except Wild Wales.")

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Of both continents.

Elegant in Design,
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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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Scott & Bowne, proprietors of "Scott's Emulsion," expend more than one million dollars a year in advertising. The firm uses three-fourths of all the cod-liver oil that comes to this country.

Lydia Pinkham was a New England woman and one of the best of that remarkable type. She was educated and refined, and during her early life had no idea that her face would be made more familiar to the sixty million people of this country than the face of George Washington.

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, who has won fame and riches from "Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery," "Pierce's Pleasant Pellets" and "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription" looks more like a poet and a dreamer than the proprietor of a patent medicine business in which a million dollars is spent every few years in advertising.

Our grandmothers were accustomed to take "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral" and "Ayer's Sarsaparilla"; and the famous Ayer Almanac, with its yellow cover, has been looked forward to from year to year for more than half a century.

Nobody would have believed a short time ago that it would pay to spend fifty thousand dollars a year to advertise porous plasters, but Seabury & Johnson of New York, proprietors of "Benison's Porous Plasters," not alone took this view, but found it exceedingly profitable.

E. H. Bigelow started in as a traveling salesman for J. C. Ayer in 1853, and with the exception of a few years has been with the house ever since.

C. I. Hood, the proprietor of "Hood's Sarsaparilla," is one of the most interesting men in America. His great advertising line, "For that tired feeling, take Hood's," has come into national fame.

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Men who have made a lifelong study of advertising all agree that it is as hard to find a great catch-line as it is to discover a new country, and almost as profitable.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

THE NEW PLAY AT ABBEY'S THEATRE.

"The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," by Arthur W. Pinero, was produced at Abbey's Theatre on December 23 and has proved one of the great successes of the season. The theatre has been crowded every night, and the new favorites, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. John Hare, have been received with every demonstration of approval. The piece is one of those modern experiments in the line of the risqué that have found favor in the British metropolis in spite of the well-known sanctimoniousness of British audiences. Here in America we are not quite so unco-pious as our cousins on the other side, but we always insist upon excising anything likely to offend the ears or eyes of pure-minded youth. Mrs. Ebbsmith runs perilously close to the ragged edge of the forbidden, but her part is managed with such discretion, judgment and power by Miss Neilson that only the excessively particular would object. The play is sure to have a long run. (See page 5.)

A FAMOUS Gethian physician is of opinion that every one up to the age of twenty or twenty-one should have nine hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and, as a rule, the allowance is taken. In middle life people who can perform ordinary routine work when they are half awake may suffer no harm with six or seven hours' sleep, but all who use their brains should have eight.

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Above is actual size.
Send two-cent stamp and we will mail **FREE**

Our **SOUVENIR GAME COUNTER**

Art catalogue describing ladies' and gentlemen's models free by mail.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

MANY persons who do mental work far into the night, or who during the evening follow attentively the programme of a theatre or concert, wake in the morning or in the night with a headache. To obviate this, a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour should be taken before going to bed, during which the lungs should be exercised by breathing in and out deeply a few times.

It is not what we read but what we remember that makes us learned. It is not what we intend but what we do that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes but a lifelong struggle that makes us valiant.

The giraffe, which is a very timid animal, is approached with the utmost difficulty, on account of its eyes being so placed that it can see as well behind as in front.

The latest atrocity in the interest of "beauty" is a corset for the foot. It is made so as to enable a size smaller shoe to be worn than would be otherwise possible.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Seidl, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

HOW TO MAKE



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Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Gas Swarms.
Send 5c. for sample piece-gum.
Beeman Chemical Co., No. 111 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

Mining Stocks Cripple Creek Gold. Circulans free. Jno. E. Leet. 406 Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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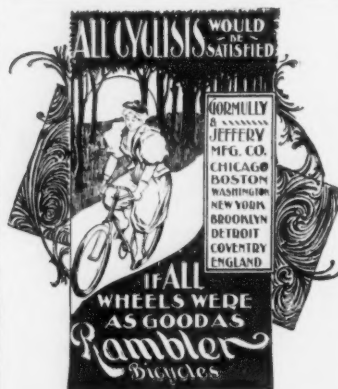
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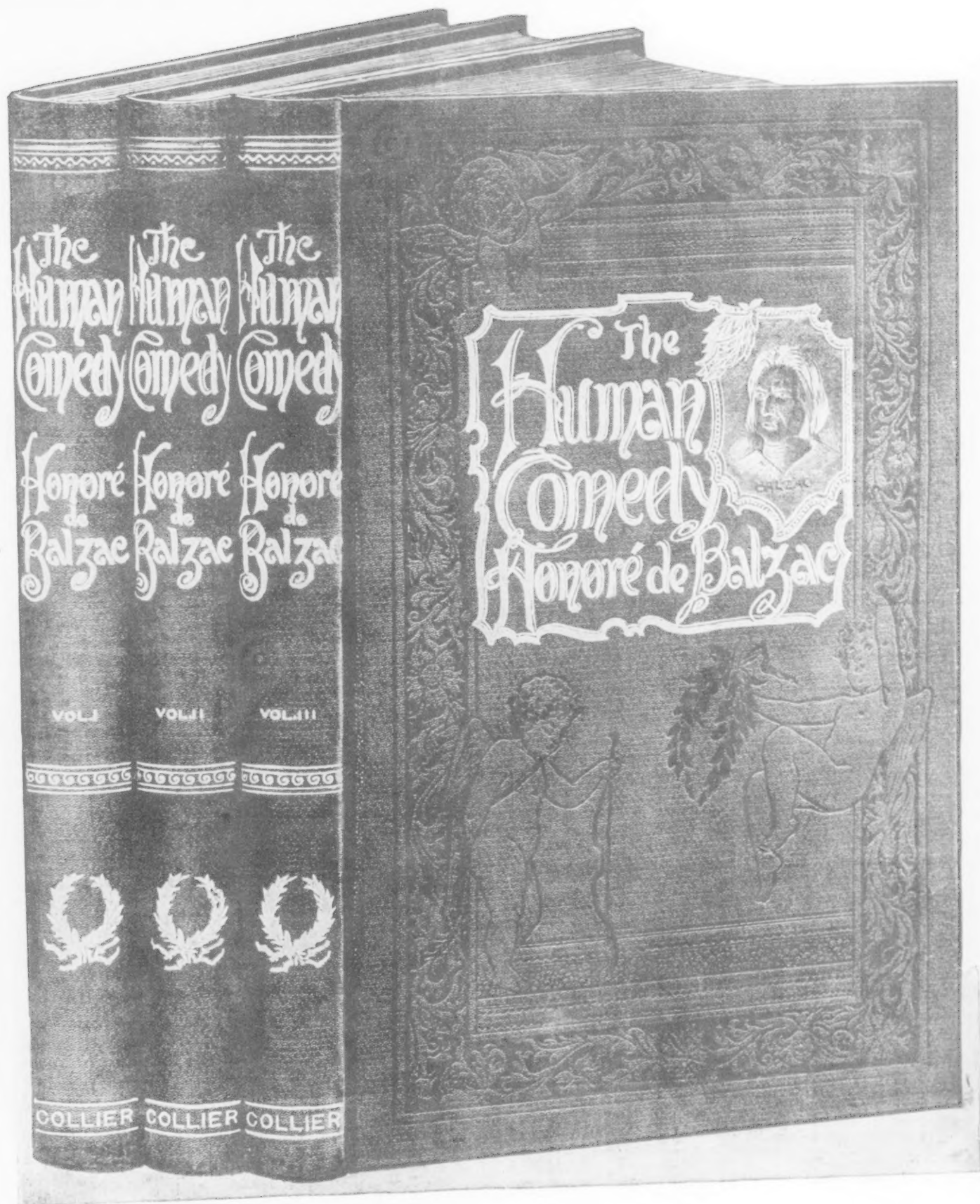
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